THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

January, 1802.

MADAME DE CLAIRON.

[With a Portrait.]

THIS celebrated French Actress was the daughter o. a tradesman in Paris; and was intended by her mother to get her living by her needle: but one day, while yet a child, seeing, from the window of the room in which she was working, a favourite actress taking a lesson in dancing, she tried to imitate her looks, attitudes, and steps, and mightily pleased herself with her success.

A short time after this, a friend took her to the theatre, to see *The Earl of Essex*, with *Les Folies Amoureuses:* and, on her return home, her head was so completely occupied with what she had seen and heard, that she uttered not a single word during the time of supper. Her mother, who, no doubt, had expected to be amused by some account of the performance, peevishly said---"Get along to bed, you *stupid* thing!" But what was the surprise of the family, when the next morning, at breakfast, it was found that this *stupid* thing remembered the entire part of Queen

Elizabeth, and repeated two-thirds of the entertainment, changing her tone of voice according to the humour and situation of the characters, and imitating the actors with wonderful effect!

At twelve years old, she made her first appearance as an actress at the Italian Theatre, where the Opera Comique had its rise. After this she performed at Rouen; on her return from which place, she was engaged for six months for the Serious Opera in Paris; and at sixteen appeared at the principal National Theatre, *La Comedie Francaise*. Her success here was astonishing; and for twenty years she ranked as the greatest actress that France ever knew.

Madame Clairon has lately published Memoirs of her Life, with Reflections on the Dramatic Art; which every person professionally attached to the stage ought carefully to study.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XLII.

IF I have forborne, hitherto, to perform my promise of continuing my remarks on the distinction of antient and modern manners, begun during my late visit to Bath, it is from an ingenuous reluctance---perhaps I might, with more truth, call it an ingenuous shame---to enter, publicly, into a contrast which must needs degrade my contemporary countrywomen. I cannot, indeed, but blush at a degeneracy which sinks the sex, in a comparative view, with itself, in times past and present; more particularly as the epithet *enlightened* is, in many respects, justly applied to the age in which we live. But as truth reqaires I should keep my word, and as my readers have long since been in possession of the portrait of a female in days of yore, I must now proceed to paint, with equal force of colouring, the counterpart.

It is the fashion of the time, and a very praiseworthy one it is, to offer something, almost daily, to the advancement of early knowledge. The most indefatigable pains have been taken upon this important subject; and the principles of culture have been laid down, of late years, with a care and kindness for the rising generation unequalled in the whole history of education.

Not only literary jobbers, and the booksellers' men of all work, but elegant and eloquent writers, of established character, have contributed largely to this good end; and we might, indeed, enumerate several of the first authors of the age among the patrons of youth---an advantage which the new comers into life have to boast over those who are now in the vale of years. Notwithstanding this, it is not without regret I observe that those advantages have been productive of very little solid good; and that what we have gained in theory we have lost in practice; and in the degree that we have obtained the refinements of art, I fear it will be found that we have lost the simplicities of Nature. But, lest my good readers should imagine that in this assertion I am indulging the prejudices of an Old Woman, by running into the common cant of preferring the manners and maxims of my juvenile years to the times before me, I will adduce such proofs as will but too forcibly confirm my observation. In doing this, I must very briefly glance at only a few general subjects, the particulars of which would require a volume, in opposition to what may be said by those, who, from interested motives, perhaps, have been tempted to flatter young women into a belief that the shewy accomplishments of the present day are preferable to the more solid attainments of past times.

And, first, of the nursery---where nonsense continues to be taught with such volubility, and the beginnings of bad words and thoughts to be inculcated with such diligence by those who are the inhabitants of that apartment, that the germs and first principles of as many follies are sown in the child's mind, as the seeds of disease in its

body if the nurse happens to be of an unhealthy constitution. In spite of all that has been said by sensible mothers, and written by ingenious authors, against this evil, it prevails but too generally; and Miss has not forsaken her leading-strings, before she understands that she is born a lady, is a very beautiful little creature, and is to have a great fortune; which ideas spring up in her little bosom with such pernicious speed, that, by the time she is permitted to come in to papa, mamma, and the company, with the fruit and wine, she plays off the airs naturally engendered by the encouragements of such notions, and is just as proud of a new frock or tippet as Mrs. Nurse herself is of a new cap or bonnet: not to say any thing of the nurse's curious vocabulary of cant words and clipt syllables, which gives her young lady a kind of zest for the servants' slang, that is not got rid of by the most intelligent mother, without extreme difficulty.

The poor girl does not fall into much better hands when she gets into the school-room; for there, if she has any pretensions, it is at least fifty to one if her governess does not strengthen and expound those rudiments of pride and vanity which were instilled in the nursery; the effect of which is, that the favour of the young lady is usually purchased by a little temporizing on the part of her attendant; who, rather than put her pupil out of temper by enforcing precepts of wisdom from books of morality, which are so apt to occasion frowns and difficulties, is more sedulous to indulge her in reading to her a lecture in that book where every page is inscribed with the characters of eloquence, admiration, and beauty, and which is known to be of sovereign power to change frowns into smiles, namely, her *looking-glass*, where the sweet girl sees confirmed all that her nurse had begun, and her governess continued.

In the next stage, we find her either a parlour boarder, or mamma's companion. The first commonly displays a compound of school tricks and habits, which her mother finds it a work of years to undo; or a farrago of absurd,

costly,

costly, and ill-founded opinions picked up in schools, which, more or less, will stick to the young lady for life, and are beyond even the most sensible matron's power to eradicate; more especially, as, on the tall girl's leaving her academy, she is almost sure of finding a congenial spirit in that curious appendage to female fashion, yclept---My lady's waiting-maid. In this Abigail our Miss in her teens may be nearly certain of meeting a still greater encourager and teacher of the looking-glass morality, even than was to be found in the governess: and if the school-mistress has laboured to instil any counter-maxims of propriety, prudence, beauties of the mind, or other old-fashioned notions, the more polished waiting-gentlewoman, by placing the mirror in a right point of view, will convince her, on ocular evidence, that the charms of such features, animated by such a complexion, such eyes, such lips, such a mouth, and such dimples sporting about it, would command and conquer without any mind at all.

Thus accoutred, our young lady, well versed in the acquirements of the nursery, the school-room, and the academy, as well as fortified with the advice of her chamber council, and matured for her public entrance into that human hot-bed, where health is sacrificed to fashion, and the select society which "drops sense distinct and clear" upon the fancy, or into the heart, is involved in the folly and ferment of general clamour, where sense and comfort are lost in the crowd---a drawing-room. Here she soon learns to become a devotee to that goddess denominated Pleasure, whom neither nurse, governess, nor school-mistress, could give her any adequate idea of; but who exacts, in payment of all the honours she confers, faded cheeks, languid eyes, an emaciated form, a giddy head, and a thoughtless heart; none of which, even the ingenious Abigail, with the help of her great auxiliary the looking-glass, can repair without the aids of the rouge-pot and a great deal of professional flattering. Or if our young lady

really has something of mind, or wishes it to be thought that she has, she must, in the first case, escape out of all the modish parties, and be set down as a stay-at-home mope, only fit to be *quizzed;* and, on the other hand, will soon degenerate into one of the scribbling Misses, who measures the affection of her correspondents by the length of their letters; and who, having chosen her epistolary confidant, must not fail to maintain the commerce of congenial souls by every post. And when once two young women's imaginations are thus steeped in ink, all the secrets of their friends, connexions, and of their own families, are exchanged: inviolable secrecy is the law established between them, under cover of which, intrigues are conducted and characters demolished---

"In every line
"A reputation bleeds."

It usually falls out, that friends of this description quarrel; and, then, ye gods who preside over the inviolable secrets of young ladies, what treasons, stratagems, and spoils! what murders and massacres "come flying all abroad!" The solemn compact is broken; every deposit that was to be preserved in the sanctity of friendship is given up: the fine theory of sentimentality is dissolved; and each enraged damsel's unalterable love changes to an inveterate hate, much more likely to last.

When such beings marry, what can be expected but what generally happens---elopements, disgusts, and antipathies?---and, when they die, what is left for memory to record, what for affection to mourn, but the rise and fall of a butterfly?

And as to the grand articles of such beings---their dress, you have but to contrast simplicity of attire with meretricious decorations; the modesty of movement, which gives the image of beauty softly blushing at its own motion, with the assured step that exhibits a German soldier striding along

along in his jack-boots; the sweet reserve of diffidence, doubtful of itself, with the forward airs of a courtezan; and you will have a just idea both of the fascinating, though unassuming, young creature depicted in my former essay, and the strange, fluttering, feathered, yet bold, and half-booted and less than half-dressed, Amazon, that is the result of an education like what I have just described---the joint production of the modern nurse, governess, school-mistress, correspondent, and wife.

Of this latter heterogeneous character I had the mortification to see but too many examples during my last excursion to Bath, where a fair monster of this sort exhibits herself at every turn; and a few days before I left the place, I was honoured with a poetical description of Bath itself, including a full and true account of the female demi-nudities in question. The author is well known; and, I hope, he may be one day induced to favour the public with the whole of his poem. Meantime, I eagerly embrace his permission to indulge my readers with the following extract, so appropriate to my theme.

" Fair dames at noon of day in white,
" Shewing their shapes to all the men,
" Up Milsom Street, and down again,
" Pacing the smooth parades in crowds,
" Like shadows folded in their shrouds;
" But shades that prove the substance true,
" For each fair limb's betray'd to view:
" And though to earth the drap'ry reaches,
" 'Tis but a kind of muslin breeches*;

* This reminds me of a note I have just had a sight of in Mr. Pratt's new Poem, entitled, " Bread; or, The Poor;" a work which, whether we consider its benevolent tendency, or its intrinsic merits as a poetical composition, is equally entitled to our applause.

The present short, tall-boy, shooting jackets of the men, and the close, all-white, shroud-looking, ghostly chemise undresses of the ladies, who seem to glide like spectres, with their shrouds wrapt tight about their forms, sufficiently justify the poet's expression in the following line---

" Now sheer *undressing* is the general rage."

" Tight

" Tight ev'n as buckskin on the beau,
" With here and there an airy flow,
" As waves the linen to the breeze---
" O, times of freedom and of ease!
" And after thus they blow about,
" They brave the oven of a rout;
" Then, hissing hot, retire to bed,
" And rise at noon of day half dead."

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE DOG.

[From Mr. Daniel's " Rural Sports."]

SO much has been said of the services of this animal in all ages, and of the predominancy of its friendship towards man, that to compile its history would be to mark the progress of civilization, and to follow the gradual advancement of that order which placed man at the head of the brute creation. Man, deprived of this faithful ally, would unsuccessfully resist the foes that on all sides surround him, seeking every opportunity to destroy his labour, attack his person, and encroach upon his property. His own vigilance cannot secure him against the rapacity of the one, nor his utmost exertions overcome the speed of the other. Some animal was essential to insure his safety; and where, amidst the various classes of them, could one be selected so well adapted for this purpose? Where have zeal, fidelity, boldness, and obedience, been so happily united as in the dog? More tractable than man, and more pliant than any other animal, the dog is not only speedily instructed, but even conforms himself to the movements and habits of those who govern him. Savage must that nature be, which can ill treat a creature who has renounced his liberty to associate with man, to whose service his whole life is devoted; who, sensible of every kindness, is grateful for the smallest favour, whilst the harshest usage cannot make him unfaithful: he licks the

hand

hand that has just been lifted to strike him, and at last disarms resentment by submissive perseverance. The dog guards by night, and by day amuses his master; he, from his desire of pleasing, runs with cheerfulness and alacrity to his master's foot, where he lays down his courage, his strength, and his talents; and from pure sentiments of affection, is the only companion that will not forsake him in adversity.

To conceive the importance of this species in the order of Nature, let us suppose that it had never existed. Without the aid of the dog, how could man have conquered, tamed, and reduced the other animals into slavery? For his own security, it was necessary to form a party among the animals themselves, to conciliate, by care and caresses, those which were capable of fidelity and obedience, that he might oppose them to noxious and savage beasts: hence the training of the dog seems to have engaged the early attention of man; and the result of this act was, the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth!

To most animals, Nature has been more liberal than to man, in agility, swiftness, and strength, and has armed and fortified them better. Their senses (and particularly that of smelling) are more perfect: to have brought over to our interest, therefore, a bold and tractable race, whose acuteness of scent is one of their peculiar properties, was to acquire a new faculty; and this living improvement, presented by the hand of Nature to our defective sense of smelling, furnishes us with permanent resources for supreme dominion. The dog, ever faithful to man, will maintain a portion of his empire; will always preserve a degree of superiority above the other animals. He reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of the shepherd; safety and discipline are the fruits of his vigilance and activity.

In large tracts, that are solely appropriated to the feeding of sheep and other cattle, immense flocks may be seen ranging over those extensive wilds, seemingly without control;

trol; but their watchful guardian, the dog, under the direction of the shepherd, prevents them from straggling, leads them from one part of their pasture to another, suffering no stranger to intrude. If the herdsman be at any time absent from the flock, he depends upon the dog to keep them together; and so soon as the shepherd gives the well-known signal, this faithful creature conducts them to his master, though at a considerable distance. Sheep and cattle are a people submitted to his management, whom he prudently accompanies and protects; never employing force against them, except for the preservation of peace and good order: but in war, against his enemies or wild animals, the dog makes a full display of his courage and intelligence. As soon as the horn, or voice of the hunter, gives the alarm, he announces by his emotions and cries his impatience: and when the natural and acquired talents of the dog are united, when he has learned to repress his ardour, and regulate his movements, he then hunts artificially, and is always certain of success.

The dog may be affirmed to be the only animal whose fidelity is unshaken; who, always knowing his master, and the family in which he resides, distinguishes a stranger as soon as he arrives; who understands his own name, and calls on his master, if lost, by cries and lamentations; who in long journies, which he has travelled but once, remembers and traces out the roads: in fine, it is the dog alone, of all other animals, whose natural talents are conspicuous, and whose education is ever successful.

ROSEVILLE COTTAGE.

[Continued from Vol. VII. page 401.]

HORATIO PONSONBY, ESQ. TO LADY MARGARET PONSONBY.

"YOU know you told me, my dear Aunt Maggy, to scribble to you whenever I was hipped; and, upon my honour, I don't know when I shall be in a better cue

cue to obey you---or rather a worse: for I would give my life, nay, even one of these legs I am so vain of, to get once more out of this dismal hole. O, my dear Lady Margaret! I shall hold a greater antipathy than ever against cottages and cottage lasses, and all the trumpery et cæteras belonging to their cursed demure looks, and sour curds and cream. I verily believe, the same chubby-faced damsel I wrote you about some time ago, has bewitched my friend St. Julian. I am with him, to be sure---and he was glad to see me. When I dismounted at his confounded little door, against the top of which I nearly broke my skull, he shook me warmly by the hand, blazed up like a rose in June, and then faded as pale as the lily of your Ladyship's bosom---turned somewhat yellow from age. But it was love, jealousy, and a power of Cupid's artillery, which had so singed his once fair complexion; and, before an hour, had crept over my head---for, *nota bene!* nothing *flits* here; and time lags slower than all the rest.------Poor St. Julian appeared to have forgotten my presence:---he began to sigh, and I began to groan; he lamented, I laughed at him; he flew in a passion, and I caught him in my arms, and congratulated him that the tender passion had not yet made him quite a booby. What shall I do, Lady Margaret? I never was born for a nurse. I hate slip-slop, water gruel, and physicians, worse than the devils themselves; and yet I cannot prevail on my gaiety to quit this poor fellow, who, I really believe, will be found hanging some morning from his mistress's walnut-tree; or, mayhap, drowned in the ditch that runs under the house, with one of her damselship's smoothing-irons tied to his heels to sink him the better. By the bye, my good aunt, as I know that you like a pleasant story now and then, do make enquiries amongst your friends, and see if you can find out any body who is acquainted with this precious family of elegant rustics, who have robbed the once gallant, gay, St. Julian of his wits. If you can get introduced to Honoria, and her pretty vixen

of

of a daughter, send me word; and, may Love shoot me through with a barbed dart, dipped in the blood of the Centaur that sent Hercules roaring about the world, if I do not win this rosy-cheeked maiden to the arms of my forlorn friend. Adieu, dear Aunt Maggy:---take this letter as a great favour, else never expect another from your very worthy nephew,

"HORATIO PONSONBY."

Roseville Cottage.

(To be continued.)

☞ THE EDITOR, in consequence of the various and contradictory letters that he has received, concerning---- "A MARVELLOUS PLEASANT LOVE STORY," has been induced to send for the book, and to read it through with great attention: and, whatever may have been the motives of the censurers of that Work, he feels it incumbent on him to say, in justice to the author, that he found no one part of it *contra bonos mores*, or *contra religione*; but, instead of that, the writer appears throughout the Work anxious to impress useful lessons on the mind. The satire seems generally fair and just; the language shews a cultivated mind; the characters are strongly depicted; and the courtship of George and America is one of the most delicate and well-wrought subjects that he remembers to have met with.

He must, therefore, conclude, that some local disagreements, with which the Public have nothing to do, have occasioned the obloquy which has, in his opinion, so undeservedly been thrown on the Novel in question.

To

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

TO those who are fond of making observations upon different characters, few circumstances can afford so wide a field for entertainment as those which are displayed in a stage coach; and, as I have sometimes derived the highest amusement from it, I always make use of that conveyance whenever I happen to travel by myself.

As I am a kind of insulated being in the chain of society, or, in other words, am not clogged with that restrainer called a wife, I am at liberty to traverse the world in any direction, and only study the ease and happiness of my life. As my fortune allows me to indulge a variety of eccentricities, I need not inform you, Mr. Editor, that the generality of my acquaintance rank themselves as friends, who, knowing my propensity to change of situation, give me a general invitation to their country seats.

To account for this proof of friendship and liberality, you must know, that I have a particular aversion to being obliged; and, if I remain their guest for a week or a fortnight, I make a point of presenting the lady of the mansion with a handsome piece of fashionable plate. A short time ago, I received a letter from one of these faithful adherents, who has a much stronger attachment to my fortune than he has to myself; informing me, that, as his Majesty intended complimenting them with his presence, he hoped at that period I would contrive to visit Bath.

Though the sight of our beloved monarch, with his amiable consort and beautiful daughters, was not any novelty to me, yet I thought the group that would be assembled upon so interesting an occasion might be the means of affording entertainment to my mind. I accordingly informed my friend that I would accept his invitation; and, as I had a relation whom I esteemed at Bristol ill at the very time, I resolved first to pay a visit of

condolence, and took my place in the stage coach for the following night.

My companions were all assembled previous to my entrance, and most of them seemed to be of the loquacious kind; I therefore seated myself in the corner, delighted at the idea of the entertainment I fancied in store for my mind.

A young woman in deep mourning first attracted my attention, from a certain something in her manner not easily defined; yet she seemed totally absorbed in painful reflections, or in lamenting the loss of those friends she had left behind.

"You seem pensive, my dear," said a pert-looking fellow, who was affecting to appear a man of fashion and taste. "'Pon my soul, I can't help sympathizing with beauty in affliction: do, my dear angel, let a smile illumine that sweet face!"

One of ineffable contempt instantly marked her countenance, though she did not even condescend to speak; when a fat vulgar woman in the opposite corner seemed to be warmly interested in the puppy's disgrace.

"Lord, Sir!" she exclaimed, with a shrug of her shoulders, "I'm surprised how a gem'man of your 'pearance can pretend for to talk to such upstart gentlevokes; for, as my husband always says, 'tis a pleasure to be 'quainted with real well-bred people, because they have always sense enough to take any good-humoured jokes. For my part, I likes travelling in these kind of carriages, though I assure you, Sir, I have got a very handsome one of my own; but, then, one feels like a mope to go such a long journey, either in company with one's servants, or else quite alone."

"I am sure, Ma'am," replied the complimented hero, looking most languishingly in her face, "the present party have reason to felicitate themselves on your condescension, for so agreeable a companion is seldom found in such a place. Your observations upon the manners of real well-bred people so perfectly coincide with those of my friend,

Sir

Sir Harry Green, that I could have sworn you had been his sister; and, 'pon my soul, there's some resemblance, which, unless I had mentioned the honest fellow, perhaps I had not seen."

"I never yet heard so barbarous an idea!" exclaimed an antiquated female figure, who was taking a most contemptuous survey of every creature in the stage. "A personal conveyance resigned for the hodge-podge society which chance might throw together in a common stage coach!---for my part, I declare there is purgatory in the undertaking; but my carriage, unfortunately, is gone to be repaired; and a few hours ago I received an express from Lady Fanny Townley, which has absolutely driven me to the depths of despair. Poor dear creature! our friendship has been of long standing---no less than two-and-twenty years; but death destroys the sweetest bonds of affection!" Here her voice appeared to falter, and she pretended to burst into tears.

This effusion of sentimental tenderness was suddenly interrupted by the stopping of the stage; and, notwithstanding the compliment that had been paid to the accomplished friend of Sir Harry, he let his champion descend, without observing her resemblance to Miss Green. This mark of inattention might have been passed over, if the interesting mourner had been exposed to the same kind of neglect; but, in spite of her contemptuous manner towards him, he begged to hand her down the steps, in a voice of respect.

This was an insult not to be disregarded; and the lady instantly displayed such evident marks of spleen, that the fair object who had been the innocent cause of the altercation soon retired from what I considered a very amusing scene. The lady, who, a short time before, had allowed him to be a "gem'man" of discernment, now completely altered her note; and the friend of Sir Harry Green threatened to commence a prosecution for the terms of abuse which had issued from her throat. Lady Townley's

chere-amie was so completely terrified, that she absolutely appeared ready to faint; and protested she would take a chaise at the expense of the proprietor, for admitting such ill-bred people into the stage.

Supper being brought in, I proposed settling the disputation by the party's drinking each other's health in a bottle of my wine; and I could not help being charmed with the conciliating effects the juice of the grape in an instant produced. I sent the waiter to invite the young lady to share it; but this she modestly and politely declined, which increased the good opinion I had entertained of her, and excited a degree of interest in my mind. When we arrived at Bath, I understood from the coachman that the fair *incognita* was to take her leave; and I could not bear the idea of parting from her without enquiring whether her sorrows admitted of relief. I therefore requested to be indulged with five minutes conversation, and, in the most delicate manner, entreated her to consider me as a friend; assuring her that I had more happiness in performing one act of benevolence, than in lavishing my fortune away upon objects of sense.

She gazed upon me for some time with a look of incredulity; but, upon my urging her to tell me whether her sorrow arose from pecuniary distress, she gave me her history in terms concise and impressive, and without any of the adventitious ornaments of speech.

She was the daughter of an eminent merchant in the city, who in schemes of speculation had lost all his wealth: her mother had died of grief, in consequence of his imprudence; and she had come to Bath in the capacity of governess, and for the recovery of her health. I endeavoured to persuade her against undertaking any employment until her health was perfectly restored; but she told me she was going to reside with a friend that she had known from her infancy; and for superintending the education of her children, she was to receive her board.

It was in vain that I entreated her to consider me as her banker, for, though my offer was disinterested, I perceived it gave her pain: I was therefore obliged to rest satisfied with merely giving her my direction, and assuring her I should feel happy, at any future period, if I could lessen her pain.

Though I immediately joined my former companions, I could not help thinking of the one who had just quitted the stage; and we arrived at the place of final separation without any thing material occurring either to excite observation, or call forth a renewal of the angry fair one's rage.

The moment the carriage stopped, Lady Fanny's friend was accosted with "Lord, Mrs. Jenkins, how glad I be you're comed! for my lady has made such a bothering because as how you did not come last night; for there's such a sight of company to dine with her to-morrow, she's afeard as how you can't get things ready in time."

"Company!" exclaimed her companion, delighted at the discovery, addressing herself to the young man who had made this unfortunate speech; "why, I thought Lady Fanny had been dying at Bristol, and that the lady that's got out was her very old friend."

"Lord bless ye!" cried he; "why, my lady's quite well again; and that's Mrs. Jenkins, the housekeeper, who was left in town; only, as we are going to have a sight of company to-morrow, she thought it best to bring her down; but, howsomedever, I must go and see about her boxes, or I shall get myself into a baddish sort of scrape."

Before any observations could be made upon this intelligence, the landlord of the inn walked up to the side of the coach, and, with a most facetious kind of familiarity, expressed his satisfaction at the other lady's unexpected return.

"Ah! Mrs. Scorewell," cried he, "there's been fine doings in your absence, I assure you: my friend Jack has hung out the broom; but I know you'll be glad to hear

the little difference is made up between us, and that the Free Masons club is to be held in your long room."

Whilst I was amusing myself with reflecting upon the folly of individuals in attempting to impose upon the public by imitating the great, I saw Sir Harry Green's friend accosted by a party-coloured gentleman, in a style of so much familiarity, as to overturn all his state.

If you, Mr. Editor, are a gentleman of modern refinement, you may possibly be shocked at the vulgarity of my taste; but I believe the stage coach exhibited an epitome of manners practised by the generality of persons in the present age. Few are satisfied with appearing in their real characters, but attempt to impose upon the world by superfluous pageantry and state; and those whose fortunes will not allow them to adopt this artifice, obtain an imaginary consequence, by pretending intimacy with the great.

After having paid my visit of affection, and having had the happiness to find the Bristol waters had been beneficial to my friend, I prepared to fulfil the engagement I had formed with the gentleman who had first suggested the idea of my journey to Bath.

Upon my arrival at his house, which was about a mile from the city, I fancied something had occurred to give him real pain; but I soon found that his vexation had merely originated in the disappointment which his vanity at that moment had received. Before he had even said he was happy to see me, he eagerly demanded whether I had heard the news? and, upon my answering in the negative to this interrogation, he informed me that the King had altered his intention of coming to Bath.

"And is it possible," said I, "that so insignificant a thing can vex you! What advantage, in the name of Heaven, did you expect to gain?"

"I should, perhaps, have had the honour," he replied, "of entertaining majesty, and I think that would have been sufficient to make any man vain! But that is not all; I have new furnished several apartments, and made various improvements

provements in my gardens and grounds: in short, I may venture to say, that this expected visit has not cost me less than fifteen hundred pounds."

His wife's distress upon this mortifying occasion was not expressed in terms quite so loyal as those of her dear; and she did not seem inclined to give his Majesty the privilege of altering a plan, when it had once been named. To compensate in some degree for so great a disappointment, I begged I might be permitted to see the alteration in their grounds; and I resolved, if possible, to restore them to good humour, by applauding the taste which had been displayed in the disposal of their fifteen hundred pounds.

I had not walked above half the length of the garden, when my attention was attracted from the beauty of the scene by the appearance of a form, which I thought familiar to me, walking with two children on the opposite side of the green.

"Who is that lady?" said I to the mistress of the mansion, with an air of curiosity I could not restrain: "I think I never saw a more lovely figure. Do introduce me, I beseech you, and tell me her name!"

"Lovely figure!" said the lady, in a tone of sneering severity: "well, I protest I always thought you a gentleman of taste. Why, the lovely figure, as you call her, is my children's nurse-maid, or governess; therefore your introduction must be postponed to some future time and place."

"Nurse-maid, or governess!" I replied; "I am inclined to think I have seen her, and, if so, I would not for the world be guilty of disrespect: therefore, as it would be degrading to your consequence to introduce me to a dependant, I shall take the liberty of doing it myself."

The image of my travelling companion had made too deep an impression to be easily eradicated from the mind; and, before I had requested the favour of an introduction, I was convinced that the object before me, and her, was the same. Without waiting for any reply from the lady of the mansion, I hastily walked across the green; and, after

after expressing the pleasure I experienced in this unexpected meeting, enquired whether she felt satisfied with the kindness and attention of her friend.

It was in vain that she endeavoured to conceal the emotion which she felt at the epithet of friend being named; but, after some hesitation, with tears she informed me, that distress alone had induced her to remain. The being who, in prosperity, had behaved with the affection of a sister, now treated her with every mark of insolent disrespect; and people who had laid out fifteen hundred pounds in ostentatious vanity returned the attentions that were paid their children with coldness and neglect.

Whilst I was listening to an account so really affecting, a letter arrived from her father by the post, informing her, that a most advantageous proposal had just been made him, which he must decline, if he could not procure a thousand pounds. The friendship which had subsisted between him and Mr. E——— (which was the name of the gentleman to whom I was a guest), induced him to hope, that, through his assistance, the property he had lost might be regained. The unfortunate girl, who had found that prosperity and adversity make a very different impression upon the minds of those whom we fancy our friends, knew it would be in vain to mention the circumstance to Mr. E——; and, from mortification at the discovery, burst into tears.

The disgust I had felt at the insolence of Mrs. E——— to one whom, by the ties of friendship, she was bound to cherish and protect, made me feel no compunction at breaking through the rules of politeness, and, without ceremony, returning immediately to town. The moment I arrived there, I went to the father of the young lady, whose misfortunes had created a degree of interest in my heart, and made him an offer of the sum which he had informed his daughter would enable him, in time, to retrieve his affairs. I begged permission to write, to inform her of this circumstance, and to say that her father was ready to receive her

her with open arms; and, in figuring to myself their delight at meeting, my mind enjoyed a most luxurious treat.

This incident, Mr. Editor, allow me to assure you, has increased my passion for travelling in a stage; and, if you think it worthy of a place in your entertaining Repository, I shall send you some further account of the characters I meet.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
H. BENTLEY.

SEVERN VALE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF MATILDA MADEN.

IN a beautiful vale on the banks of the Severn, stood a small whited cottage, which for the simplicity of the architecture, the neatness of the garden, and the appearance of elegance which was displayed around it, generally drew the traveller's attention.

As Lady Edmunds and her daughter (a child about ten years old) were accidentally passing the attractive spot, the latter exclaimed, in a tone of delight,---" Do look, Mamma, at that pretty house!---the windows are absolutely hid by woodbines. Oh, I never saw such a pretty place!"

A false step by one of the leaders threw the postilion from his seat, just as Caroline made the observation; and, as the poor fellow was terribly bruised by the fall, the carriage stopped near the cottage.

A lady, apparently about five-and-thirty, instantly came up to the chariot door, and, in terms of ease and politeness, offered whatever accommodation her house would afford. There was an air of melancholy in her appearance that indicated a mind ill at ease; and her counte-

nance

nance was at once so sickly and dejected, that it was impossible to behold her without sympathy and emotion. She was followed by a girl, beautiful as Hebe, about a head taller than our young traveller, who, throwing a shawl around her mother's shoulders, expressed her fears that she might have taken cold.

Though this was an attention which any child would naturally pay to a sick parent, yet there was something so affectionate in the manner, so anxious in the look, and so tender in the method of expressing her fears, that it instantly caught her Ladyship's attention; and, availing herself of the stranger's civility and politeness, she instantly descended from her chariot.

Though Caroline was by no means a bad-hearted girl, yet she had none of that softness and sensibility of disposition which is so peculiarly pleasing in the female sex; and, from a natural rough, unpolished manner, frequently gave her mother great inquietude. The contrast between the two, therefore, could not fail of being striking; and her Ladyship felt a desire of cultivating the acquaintance of a girl from whom her daughter might derive such essential benefit.

The internal appearance of the little dwelling perfectly corresponded with the outside; for simplicity and elegance were so happily blended, that it was impossible to say which predominated.

"Your residence is a perfect paradise, Madam," said Lady Edmunds, walking towards the window. "I really never saw such an infinity of taste displayed upon so small a portion of land."

"I am fond of gardening, Madam," replied Mrs. Maden (which was the name of the inhabitant of this little Eden), "and wished my child to have a relish for natural beauties; but, alas!" continued she, in a lower tone of voice, and as if forgetful she was speaking to a total stranger, "I shall not live to observe the expansion of her mind, or see whether our tastes and fortunes are similar."

Whilst

Whilst Mrs. Maden was expressing a conviction of the shortness of her existence to a bosom ever ready to sympathize with misfortune, her daughter was busily employed in selecting the choicest flowers, for the purpose of presenting them to her admiring guests.

As the postilion was unable to proceed on the journey, and they were several miles from the post town, Lady Edmunds gladly accepted Mrs. Maden's invitation to remain at the cottage until the following day, little imagining that an accidental meeting could be attended with such painful consequences.

Though Matilda appeared delighted with Caroline's society, yet her solicitude for her mother seemed to increase; and it was with the utmost difficulty she could restrain her tears, whenever she looked upon her pallid face.

As the evening advanced, her difficulty of breathing increased; and Lady Edmunds persuaded her to retire to rest, whither the amiable Matilda followed her, with a mind tortured by dreadful apprehension. Scarcely had the invalid reached her apartment, when a terrified shriek proceeded from it; and, upon her Ladyship's hastening to the spot, she found Mrs. Maden stretched upon the floor! Beside her knelt the agonized Matilda, bathing her pallid face with tears, and calling upon her by those endearing epithets which at once proved the anguish of her feeling.

"Oh! my mother, my beloved mother!" exclaimed the tender, agitated girl, "do not forsake your own Matilda, just as she is old enough to discover your worth! Merciful Father," she then continued, raising her supplicating eyes to Heaven, "in pity spare the dreadful stroke; and let me die, or save her precious life!"

Two female servants had now assembled, and every means were taken to restore her life; but the transient boon had fled for ever, and the forlorn Matilda was left without a friend.

To paint her distress, or describe her anguish, would be to torture the feelings of my sympathizing readers: I shall merely

merely say, that she never quitted the body until the day arrived on which it was interred; and that her distress appeared so firmly rooted, that the greatest apprehensions were entertained for her health.

Upon examining the papers belonging to the deceased, her Ladyship found one addressed to Matilda, in which she discovered that her father was still living, though at the immense distance of Bombay. The amiable and accomplished Mrs. Maden had been many years married to this abandoned man, who, after spending his own and great part of her fortune, entered a volunteer in the India service: there he had been highly successful; but, having formed another attachment in that country, was totally indifferent as to the happiness of his wife; and, had he not been compelled to make her an allowance, in all probability, would have suffered her to starve. Treatment so cruel, unprincipled, and unkind, her susceptible nature could not sustain; and, after languishing several years under the pressure of misfortune, she at length sunk beneath the stroke.

(To be continued.)

THE FURZE CUTTER.

[From "Further Excursions of The Observant Pedestrian," just published.]

THE brilliant beams of sun-rise gilded the verdant leaves of the lime-branch that shaded my window; and the loud carol of the early lark, breaking my slumber, induced me to rise, and pursue my journey, before the meridian heat, oppressing me with debility and lassitude, should oblige me to rest.

I had taken leave of my friend the night before; and, when I descended to the inn-yard, I found, by the hostler, he had been set off about half an hour.

The

six. The heavens never displayed a lovelier morning; the dia-
mond gossamer still webbed the verdant blade, and myriads
we brilliants were suspended from every leaf, as I strolled
hel the remarkable churchyard, situated on the summit of
noicliff that overtops the town, and commands a beautiful
gr extensive prospect.

th Here I wandered over the lowly region of oblivion,
remarking the mementos of virtue, traced by the pencils of
truth and piety. The tears of morning dropped from the
cypress and the yew---sweet Nature's tribute o'er the peace-
ful shrines.

o Musing on the solemn scene, the virtues, frailties, and
the vicissitudes of man, my attention was roused by two ad-
vancing objects; the one an old man of majestic mien,
though in tattered guise, with a large bundle of furze pen-
Ons at his back; the other, a fine girl, with a broken
of a her, habited only in a blue woollen petticoat, a leather
ungrice, and a dowlas chemise of dazzling whiteness, that
light rivalled only by the snowy contrast of her bosom,
who re the dew-sparkling leaves of a wild rose shed its
"wo rious sweets.

ner As they drew nearer, the uncultured beauty of her form
He fixed me. I gazed with admiration: the symmetry
ing ur polished falling shoulders---her well-shaped arm,
scarce sun-tinged, though inured to labour---and innumer-
able glossy ringlets, waving with the morning breeze, in
every direction, over a lively, animated countenance, ren-
dered her a Venus in rustic guise.

The pitcher was filled with milk, and apparently heavy,
for she was obliged to support it with both hands; and
when she came to the stile, close by me, set it down to
rest; while the old man disemburthened his shoulder, and,
taking his seat upon it, began wiping the dew of labour
from his wrinkled brow with the corner of a ragged blue
handkerchief that hung round his sun-burnt neck; his
hair and beard were blanched by Nature's frost; yet the

lingering rose still shed its bloom, in spite of many furrows.

He looked earnestly at me, and took off his hat in token of civility, while the charming girl dropped a rustic curtsey.

Trudge, seeing the pitcher placed upon the turf, for the first time in his life forgot his manners; and being, I presume, very droughty, was on the point of immersing his nose, had I not corrected him.

"Poor fellow," said the good veteran, "he's dry: Ellen, lead him to the rivulet, yonder; he must not spoil your breakfast."

Ellen obeyed: she patted Trudge's glossy coat, and delighted with her caresses, he made no ceremony of following her.

"Your daughter is very kind," said I, "to give herself so much trouble."

"Daughter!" replied he; "bless your honour, I'm her grandfather: why, I be seventy-six, please God, next Lammas as ever comes, and Ellen's only sixteen. Poor heart! she's a fatherless and motherless child, but as good as bread; and, ever since her grandmother died, has been meat, drink, and clothes to me; and there's what grieves me, but the thoughts of leaving her unprotected in a wicked world."

Here a tear stole down his cheek, and trickled on to his blue handkerchief, just as Ellen and the dog returned.

"The poor little *soul* was very dry, indeed," said the sweet girl, shewing me a bewitching dimple as she smiled.

"Do you live far off?" asked I.

"Only a mile and a half," replied the old man: "I have a neat little bit of a hut in a green lane, where we live *through happy*, as I may say; and what with hay-making and furze-cutting, and 'tending a few sheep sometimes, we earn our living; for Ellen picks hops, and goes a gleaning in the summer, and gathers wood and mushrooms for the gentry in the winter-time, and 'tends Madam's turkies at

sixpence

sixpence a day, at the great house, yonder; and there, too, we get as many *'tatoes*, and turnips, and cabbages, as we want, and skim milk for fetching; and that's a main help, these hard times. Nobody more healthy, your honour, than we; and yet we *arn't* tasted a bit of meat *sen* the great folks at the manor killed a sheep last Christmas, and then we came in for the *head* and the *pluck*, and a rare treat we had. Lauk, your honour, if you had but seen and heard how our villagers ran on last winter about the soup, it would have made your heart as hard as a flint; for, you see, the gentry *suscribed* for we poor, and sold us oup at a penny a quart, and as good it was as any lord in the land need eat; but, however, they took it in their heads it was not wholesome; and there they'd laugh and jeer, and say it was made of *jack-asses' hoofs* and *ears*. One said, they'd got a piece of his *tail*, and others the *pttw* of a *stewed cat*. Oh! it was a burning shame to be so ungrateful!---and now, your honour, God's judgment has lighted on them ever since, for one half be starving; and who can pity them? But come, Ellen," continued he; "we must be jogging, my girl; we must go earn our dinner before we can eat it."

He arose, hoisted the furze on his back, and was making an humble bow of civility, when I slipped a piece of gold into his hand.

He gazed on it with astonishment; raised his eyes to Heaven; his lips quivered with an inarticulate sentence; and one big bright tear fell on the guinea.

"Sure," cried he, "my poor dim eyes deceive me: oh, your honour, how can your generous heart tell I deserve such a gift! Take it back---it's too much: I can't rightly tell my change, and, if I was to carry it to the village, the people would make sure I did not come honestly by it; for who would believe me, if I was to say a strange gentleman, for no reason in the world, clapped it into my hand?"

"Tell them, then," replied I, "it was the unbiassed principles of thy virtuous heart that excited the admira-

tion of that stranger; and declared to his feeling mind, that thou wert worthy of a richer boon than that his humble purse was equal to supply."

"God's blessing prosper your honour," answered he, "for ever and ever! Ellen and I will pray for you every night, for you have made me rich indeed. Never did these hands grasp a guinea before: my poor old heart is in such a flustration of joy, your honour, I can't think of half the praises and blessings I ought to say; and yet, dang it! I have them all at my tongue's end. Can't you help me out, Ellen?---you are a bit of a *scholard*. Do, child, say *summut*."

"I can't make speeches, father," replied the blushing girl, hiding her eyes with the back of her hand; "but I can say the *Lord's Prayer*, if that will do."

"Ay, down on your bended knees, and bless and pray for such an angel gentleman."

Ellen dropped at my feet; I hasted to raise her. "Forbid it, Heaven!" cried I; "overpower me not, ye worthy hearts.---We part:---God preserve you!"

The guinea was then tied up in the corner of the blue handkerchief, and, being carefully guarded by a pin, was buttoned into his bosom: a bow, a curtsey, and an abundant blessing, thrilled every nerve as they retired from my view, looking back twenty times, till distance rendered them invisible. Oh, how I moralized---how I adored that Being who invested me with the power of imparting and enjoying the supreme felicity arising from a benevolent action!

A LETTER FROM AN OBSERVER;

Containing some Observations upon the Old Woman's Remarks.

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH I am an admirer of a Work which does credit to your judgment, and am particularly pleased with the Old Woman's remarks, I cannot help thinking

ing that some which appeared in the last Number are not made with her accustomed liberality and sense.

She commences her paper by stating, that women are generally the apologists of their sex's failings, or crimes; and, instead of allowing that they frequently are deficient in their duties, throw that censure upon the husband which ought to be attached to the wife.

Now, Sir, as my name implies that I am in the habit of making observations upon the manners and conduct of that interesting sex, I must beg leave to differ from your fair correspondent, and say, that I think they are much more inclined to blame each other than to shew any marks of esteem and respect. I have frequently sat in a family circle, and pretended to be in a profound sleep, and confess I have always heard them pretty liberal in their censures; but seldom making any allowances, either for the unfortunate or the weak. "Mr. Churlish, to be sure, was accused of being ill-tempered; but who could be otherwise to such a *daudle* of a wife, who, with all her appearance of condescending civility, never attempted to look into the important concerns of life? It is true, she was said to be mighty accomplished; but accomplishments would be found a bad substitute for bread; and, if the poor man even asked her to make him a pudding, he was sure to see a thing just as heavy as lead.

"Mr. Placid and his wife were going to separate, and it was wonderful how he had put up with her temper so long; for the adage in her was completely verified, 'That there is no weapon so much to be dreaded as the tongue.'

"Mr. Costly, poor soul! was allowed to be ruined, and no creature could be astonished that knew his wife's expense; for the fortune of a nabob could not have supported her extravagance, as it was known that she spent eight hundred a year in dress!"

These, Mr. Editor, are a mere sketch of the observations which, at different times, I have heard made; and I think the Old Woman will be convinced that there is not much

sexual partiality in any of the illiberal things that were said.

The next remark of your intelligent correspondent is, that "the frivolity of female conversation is calculated to create disgust; and that dress, balls, weddings, and christenings, are substituted in the place of rationality and sense." In reply to this part of the Old Woman's observations, I shall extract a few that have been made by Mrs. More; which, though they agree with her in thinking that the tide of conversation is ebbing, it is the fault of our sex that it does not flow.

"It is to be regretted," says she, "that men, even of distinguished sense and learning, are apt to consider the society of ladies rather as a scene in which to rest their understandings than to exercise them; and ladies, in return, are too much addicted to make their court by encouraging this trifling spirit. It is a disadvantage even to those women who keep the best company, that it is unhappily almost established into a system by the other sex, to postpone every thing like instructive discourse until the ladies retire; and in few cases in which it happens that any important discussion takes place in their presence, it is evident that they are considered as having no interest in the affair. But, if men would keep up conversation to its proper standard, they would not only call into exercise the powers of mind which women actually possess, but they would even awaken energies in their own; and men of sense would find their account in this mode of conduct, for their own talents would be more highly rated by them. And, on the other hand, if young women found it did not recommend them, in the eyes of those they wish to please, to be frivolous and superficial, they would become more sedulous in correcting their own habits; and, when fashionable women indicate a relish for instructive conversation, men will not be apt to hazard what is vain or unprofitable; much less will they presume to bring forward subjects that might indirectly wound the chastened ear."

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If Mrs. More's opinions are allowed to be convincing, the frivolity of conversation is not the fault of her own sex, but is in great measure occasioned by the false conceptions of their understanding which I confess my own are too apt to entertain.

There is an opinion current amongst men in general, which is extremely detrimental both to rationality and sense; and this is, that women of information are always anxious to display the knowledge they have obtained. I will not assert, that learning and literature have never filled the head of any woman with conceit; but I will positively declare, that the vanity, which is supposed to be the effect of reading, would have been directed into some other channel, if they had never opened a book; and that it is not their having increased their knowledge that makes them troublesome, but their being deficient in their portion of common sense. Well-informed persons will easily be discovered to have read the best books, though they are not always detailing catalogues of the authors' names; "for, though honey owes its exquisite taste to the fragrance of the sweetest flowers, yet the skill of the little artificer is displayed in combining the delicious stores with so much judgment, that the very essence of all is presented to the taste:" and inappropriate quotations may shew reading, but they can neither display judgment nor sense.

If such subjects as afforded conversation for the three amiable companions, with whom the Old Woman so recently passed her time, were to become the topics of female discussion, they would certainly tend to the enlargement of their minds; but, alas! Mr. Editor, that propensity to detraction which is suffered to take root in the female breast extends its branches so wide, that its destructive influence counteracts the efforts both of science and sense.

But it is not at us that the poisoned arrow is generally pointed, though occasionally we may, perhaps, receive a wound; but female reputation is the mark they aim at,

as they fancy their own characters are exalted in proportion as their neighbours are depressed.

Do not suppose, Sir, that I mean to include the sex in general in a censure which I mean to attach only to the unworthy part; for I know many amiable characters as remarkable for the liberality of their sentiment as they are for sweetness of disposition and benevolence of heart.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

AN OBSERVER.

December, 1801.

TO THE FEMALE MENTOR.

DEAR MADAM,

AS you appear to be interested in the happiness of the younger part of the community, and ready to favour them with the benefit of your advice, I shall take the liberty of explaining my present situation, and requesting you will inform me how you would act, if you were in a similar case.

About nine years ago, I lost one of the most amiable of fathers; and my mother's affection was so strong, that she survived the loss only a few days; and I was by this unfortunate blow hurled from the very pinnacle of happiness, and ingulphed in the pit of misery and despair. Though few children of my age feel misfortunes acutely, yet my grief on this occasion was not to be restrained. I was separated by force from the corpse of my dear mother, and placed under the care of an aunt, with whom I have since remained.

Though I have resided with this relation ever since the death of my parents (which is now upwards of seven years), she has never been able to inspire me with affection; for there is an austerity in her manners, which is only calculated

culated to create fear. You may naturally suppose, Madam, that, with such a disposition, few of her commands were ever disobeyed; for I imperceptibly acquired a habit of compliance, and never ventured to oppose, because I was afraid.

This pliancy of temper has induced my aunt to imagine that I should never attempt to dispute her commands; in consequence of which, she has assumed more than parental authority, and, without consulting my inclinations, disposed of my hand.

The gentleman with whom she has entered into this formidable contract is only a few years older than myself, and, in point of person and fortune, completely unexceptionable; yet I have a repugnance to the idea of becoming his wife: the regard which he pretends to feel for my person I have every reason to suppose is directed towards my wealth; for, instead of attempting to gain my affections, he was only anxious to secure my aunt's esteem; and bargained for the possession of my person and property with as much attention to his own interest as if he was buying an estate.

Disgusted with a conduct which marked the illiberality of his sentiments, I rejected the proposal the the moment it was made; and by that means have incurred the displeasure of my relation, who tells me that she is invested with such authority as will absolutely compel me to become his wife.

I should be shocked, Madam, at being obliged to throw myself out of that protection, under which, by the will of my dear father, I am for two more years to remain; yet I cannot bear the idea of being forced into an alliance which will evidently make me miserable for life. I have, unfortunately, no friend to whom I can apply for assistance, or on whose judgment I can depend for protection or advice: do you, then, dear Madam, favour me with your counsel, and tell me how I ought to act in this important concern.

As

As my aunt regularly takes in the LADY'S MUSEUM, she will see, by your reply, that I have stated my case; and, perhaps, may be so far influenced by your opinion, as to be induced to give up her favourite design: at any rate, Madam, your advice upon the occasion will confer a lasting favour upon

Your obedient servant,
D. C——.

TO THE FEMALE MENTOR.

MADAM,

I RECOLLECT having read, in a periodical publication, the complaining regrets of a nephew, who had lost an estate for merely appearing before his uncle (a testy old miser) in a dress which he fancied displayed an extravagance of taste.

To prevent the possibility of falling into a similar predicament, and incurring the displeasure of an aunt (a most antiquated old maid), I attired myself in a garb which corresponded with her own appearance, and laid aside every fashionable ornament of the present age. Delighted at the idea of hearing myself applauded for a complimentary mark of regard and esteem, I arrived at my relation's antediluvian mansion, with my spirits raised above the moderate state. Instead of the cordial embrace which I expected would await me, I was saluted with a cold though astonished stare; and "How do you do, Miss Emily?" was substituted in the place of my former reception, which had always been, "My beloved Emily, how is your health?"

Judge, my dear Madam, of the disappointment of my feeling at a reception so calculated to mortify and freeze, at the moment that my heart was big with the expectation of securing a fortune that would render me independent for life. But this was a mere prelude to the disappointment that awaited me; for my aunt fancied I intended to caricature her dress; and, the next morning, ordered

me

me to take my departure, and never presume again to enter her house.

Now, Madam, as I know you are a friend to the afflicted, I hope you will kindly endeavour to relieve my distress; and write to my aunt upon the cruelty of her conduct, and convince her it was my intention to please, rather than offend. If you think this method would not be likely to influence her in my favour, for God's sake, Madam, indulge me with your advice; for, unless I can obtain my aunt's forgiveness, I have totally destroyed my future prospects in life. As my aunt always named me with tenderness and affection, it was generally thought I should inherit the greatest part of her wealth; and I have lately received the addresses of a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose father is anxious to unite the contiguous estates. Our affections are not formed upon interested principles; yet he is not able to marry without his father's consent, who is too selfish a character to sanction an alliance with a being who is destitute both of fortune and friends.

Thus, Madam, you see, that, from a wish of securing an inheritance, by appearing to admire those eccentricities which my aunt displayed, I have unfortunately incurred her anger and resentment, and lost a fortune which otherwise I should certainly have obtained: again, then, let me implore you to consider my situation, and, if possible, restore me to my aunt's esteem; which will eternally oblige

Your mistaken correspondent,

LUCY MEANWELL.

TO THE FEMALE MENTOR.

DEAR MADAM,

I BEG leave to ask your opinion respecting the dashing young men of the present age; and whether you think the same idea holds good with regard to them which

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is generally entertained respecting rakes; namely, that a reformed one makes the best husband.

My reason for making this enquiry is, that I am strongly urged by two near relations to bestow my fair person upon their different friends; the one of whom is, according to the fashionable phraseology, a complete dasher of the first rate; and the other is a young man extremely well educated, but rather rusticated in his manners, from being unaccustomed to town.

My Arcadian swain certainly is a very handsome fellow, and I believe is superior to his rival in sense; but there is a certain degree of *mauvaise honte* about him, which makes him appear in a disadvantageous light; and my dashing spark so completely eclipses him, that I am rather inclined to become his wife.

Now, as I conclude, Mrs. Mentor, you are a woman of sagacity, and are perfectly acquainted with the character of the sex, I hope you will be kind enough to give me your opinion upon the most important event in a woman's life: as I am persuaded both my relations have some interest in my marriage, I do not chuse to be influenced by their advice. An immediate reply to this letter will greatly oblige

Your obedient servant,

DOLLY DOUBTFUL.

METHOD OF TREATING THAT EXCRUCIATING COMPLAINT INCIDENT TO MARRIED LADIES,---

SORE NIPPLES.

[From Dr. Willich's "Domestic Encyclopædia."]

THE nipples of females, when suckling their first child, are frequently so diminutive and deep within the breasts, as to render it difficult or impracticable for the infant

infant to extract the milk. In such cases the young mother should frequently, though cautiously, protrude the nipple between her fingers, by depressing the projecting part of the breast; and afterwards covering the protuberances with an excavated nutmeg, to be worn several weeks previous to her delivery. But, if this expedient prove insufficient, it will be advisable to draw the breasts, either by presenting them to a healthy infant several months old, or by applying Mr. Savigny's small air-pump contrived for that purpose; and which is far preferable to the common breast-glasses, as well as to the disgusting practice of employing quadrupeds.

Another inconvenience incident to nipples frequently arises from chaps, or excoriations. These are not only painful to the mother, but also prevent the infant from drawing the necessary supply of milk. In some instances, even part of the substance of the nipple is destroyed by violent suction; so that the mother, from the intense pain thus occasioned, is obliged to refuse the breast; and a stagnation of the milk takes place, which is often accompanied with ulcerations and fever. To prevent such dangerous affections, the practice of raising the nipples, as before suggested, should be timely adopted; but, if the parts be already in a diseased state, it will then be useful to bathe them with lime-water, or diluted port wine; after which, the nipple should be dressed with a little spermaceti ointment. Before, however, such applications are resorted to, it will be preferable to anoint the sore part with a composition of white wax and olive oil, and to cover it with a fine linen rag; by which simple means great relief may often be obtained.

These remedies will, in general, be found sufficient; but, if the nipple receive no benefit, it has been recommended to apply the neck, together with part of the body, of a hog's bladder (or cow's teat taken from a healthy animal), to the part affected. Either of these, if properly

moistened and fixed to the breast, will effectually protect it while the infant is sucking; and, when not in use, the bladder or teat may be preserved in a little spirit of wine, which will prevent it from putrefying.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAP. I.

IT was early in the morning of a cold November's day that Mr. Evelyn was disturbed from a comfortable sleep and pleasant dream by a terrible outcry and noise of something falling: he started up, and beheld an object that laid immediate claim to his sensibility. A poor little chimney-sweeper, about ten years of age, had been called in to sweep the kitchen chimney. He climbed with accustomed dexterity, and perched himself at the top to breathe after his fatiguing ascent: a lame marten was hopping upon the roof. The bosom of the little sooterkin beat with compassion, and he endeavoured to catch the bird, who, ignorant of his kind intention, fled from him as fast as his mutilated limb would permit, and the boy was obliged to return to his business; but, unluckily descending the wrong chimney, missed his hold, and fell to the ground, where he laid extended, bruised most shockingly, and one leg and one arm broken. Mr. Evelyn instantly raised him in his arms, and placed him in his own warm bed; then rung the bell violently, and collected the whole family, consisting, at that time, of an old maiden sister, two female servants, and a footman: the master of the boy soon followed. Mr. Evelyn sent immediately for a surgeon, and

and declared the child should not be moved in his present state, notwithstanding Susan shook the sheets, and fretted at the dirt; besides which, Mrs. Lucretia declaimed most elaborately against the offensive smell of soot: but Mr. Evelyn was ever obstinate in the cause of humanity; the surgeon performed his operation with skill, and every prospect of success; and, to satisfy the women, said, that he did not apprehend any harm could arise from washing the patient with gentleness and care. This task was assigned to Susan, who most unwillingly performed it, protesting aloud that she wondered her master could expect her to touch the dirty creature. This inexorable master, however, not only insisted upon the ablution, but also lent an assisting hand; and was much pleased with the looks of his young charge, who, though pale with pain and terror, had a countenance the most attractive, and bore his sufferings with patient meekness. His hair had been cut closely off, as an incumbrance in his profession; but his eyes and eyebrows were dark, and formed for expression: his nose was well formed; his mouth and teeth beautiful.

"What a pity this child should be a chimney-sweeper!" said Mr. Evelyn to himself: "many a duke would be proud of such a son." Then, sitting down beside him, and taking his little chubby hand, he said, "Are you in much pain now, my good boy?"

"No," was his answer; but his voice was weak and tremulous, and he looked round, as if in fear.

"What are you seeking?" asked Mr. Evelyn, kindly. "Do you want your father or mother?"

"No," said the boy; "but I must get up and go to work, or my master will beat me."

"Does he often beat you?"

"Very often," replied the child? and his eyes filled with tears.

"But he shall not beat you now," said Mr. Evelyn, "for you are ill, and cannot work; but, where are your father and mother?"

"I have none."

"Why, where did you come from?"

"From the parish; and they beat me there, too."

"Then I fear you are a bad boy."

"Not always; but they beat me when I am hungry, and they beat poor Crab, too; and that makes me cry worse."

"And who is Crab?"

"Our great dog."

"Are you fond of Crab?"

"Yes; we sleep together upon straw, in the loft; and I always give him half my bread and treacle."

Mr. Evelyn, fearing to fatigue him by too much conversation, bade him go to sleep, and left him; but his benevolence was roused, and he resolved to speak with the master concerning his treatment of the boy: he related word for word what had passed. The man scratched his head, and said--

"To be *sarten*, he did lick the boy now and then; for the young dog, when he got a halfpenny, instead of buying gingerbread, which would help to fill his belly, would run to get little books, and then sit poking in corners till he could read them."

"And is it your dog he is so fond of?" asked Mr. Evelyn.

"Why, Sir, as a body may say, it is nobody's dog: to be sure, I keeps it, and they both together are very expensive to me; but you must know that the dog saved his life once: when a great house was on fire, Crab brought him out in his mouth; and, as there was nobody to tell who the child belonged to, he was taken to the parish, and the dog followed, and, being a good-looking beast, they let it stay; but, when they bound him over to me, he cried so violently for Crab, that they begged me to take the dog too, which I, being of a pitiful turn, agreed to; and the dumb creature has been so quiet and good-natured ever since, that I could not bear to turn him out, poor toad: besides

besides, rather than lose his dog, the boy makes one meal serve them both."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mr. Evelyn. "All-powerful sympathy," he exclaimed, "how wonderfully art thou implanted in the human heart! Oh! why do ever the calls of worldly interest deaden thy force! But, were there no persons saved from the flames to tell who the child was?" sa d Mr. Evelyn.

"Please you, I never axed; but the parish folks at St. Ann's can tell you."

To them Mr. Evelyn resolved to apply, and walked thither as soon as he was dressed; and, having repeated his enquiries, learned that, in the month of May 1780, a genteel young woman had taken lodgings for herself, child, and maid servant, in Gerrard Street, Soho; that she went by the name of Edwards, and said she was in expectation of her husband's return from the army; that she seemed very modest and well behaved, and always paid genteelly; that within a fortnight a letter arrived which threw her into deep distress: she gave out that her husband was dead, and she put herself into very deep mourning; yet the people of the house could not but entertain suspicions. Her grief was excessive, and continued so till the night the fire broke out, when she was brought out of the house, insensible, by a fireman: her servant was not to be found, and it was imagined she perished in the flames; neither was any of her property or wearables saved. It was the parish schoolmistress who gave Mr. Evelyn this information; to which she added, that the unfortunate woman was removed to a mad-house, where she still remained, totally devoid of reason; but no one had made any application concerning her, though she had been advertised three times by the parish officers.

This intelligence distressed Mr. Evelyn exceedingly. After a separation of eight years, it was not likely that the poor maniac could know her child again; yet he believed it an experiment worth the trial, and returned home, de-

termined to put his plan in execution as soon as he found his charge capable of attending him. The boy seemed much recovered, and well pleased with his new lodging, from which he expressed much apprehension of being removed. Mr. Evelyn promised he should stay some time longer, and asked his name.

"They call me Franco," said he, "at home; and I write my name Francis Edwards."

"Then you can write?"

"Yes; I got a prize at school for writing."

Mrs. Lucretia just then entered: her countenance was not, at best, of the most complacent cast, and she seemed greatly displeased.—"Well, brother, I think you might spare some attention from this boy to bestow upon your own family."

"My dear sister," said Mr. Evelyn, mildly, "I did not imagine any extraordinary attention on my part necessary, while possessed of such an excellent superintendant."

"Yes, truly," she replied, tartly; "there requires some one to manage, or all might go to destruction through benevolence, and charity, and stuff. When my father, Sir Owen, was alive, he always said you were an alien to the family blood; and if you had not married a woman of fortune, and in some degree maintained your proper dignity, I fancy he would have cut you off from all inheritance.—But, now, there's Miss Georgiana; if it was not for my care, she might run about like a young kid among the mountains:—you pay no regard to her dress, her deportment, or any thing."

"You are wrong, dear sister; I pay attention to her temper and morals, and find her all I wish."

"Ay, thanks to my management!" retorted Mrs. Lucretia: "and now, I suppose, you mean to adopt this beggarly brat, and bring him up in idleness and impudence."

"I do not design any such thing, Madam."

Mr.

Mr. Evelyn began to be warm---"I have never been blessed with a son yet; I do not mean to choose a substitute of uncertain origin: my intention is merely to serve the boy by assisting his education, to improve his morals, and, if I find in him any symptoms of genius or virtue, to foster them into maturity, to raise him from the refuse of society, and transplant him into a sphere of life, where, by industry and honour, he may become a worthy and respectable member of society; and sorry am I that my fortune, though ample, obliges me to limit my patronage to one alone, while so many claimants are to be met with, perhaps, equally deserving."

In pursuance of his benevolent intention, Mr. Evelyn had a new suit of clothes made for Francis, who soon was so far recovered as to play about with poor Crab, who had long sullenly moped about in search of him. Susan, too, had changed her tone; and, instead of a "dirty creature," now thought Franco a pretty little boy; and he almost began to rival the romping Georgiana in her favour. Luckily Miss Evelyn was not of an envious disposition; and, so far from repining at the favour her father shewed the young stranger, she busied herself with alacrity to make his new shirts, and wished she had just such a brother.

Anxious to see the poor maniac, Mr. Evelyn one morning took Francis in a coach to the house where she was confined, without acquainting him that he was to meet a mother. Mrs. Edwards was brought into the parlour: she appeared to be about six-and-twenty, of graceful figure, and tolerably handsome: her eyes wandered around without a single glance of expression; but no sooner did Crab enter the room than he rushed upon her with every demonstration of joy. She shrieked as he leaped against her, and burst into a convulsive laugh.---

"See!" she cried, shuddering; "there he lies, bleeding!---Go, poor wretch, lick thy master's hands! He was kind to thee: he is not proud: he will not shut his door against thee!" Then, holding her head with both her hands,

and

and breathing as if with difficulty, she remained some time silent.

Mr. Evelyn approached her, and, gently taking her hand, said---

"And here is Francis: do you not know him?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, wildly; "where is he? The smoke blinds me---Safe! my child.---Fire! fire!

Her outcries now became so dreadful, that the keeper was forced to silence her with a threat, which she seemed to understand, and soon relapsed into her former stupor; and Mr. Evelyn, despairing of success, soon withdrew from a scene so distressing to a feeling heart; and, after having distributed some money among the people to purchase their kindness to the poor sufferer, and ordering her every accommodation necessary, he returned home. The chimney-sweeper, for the sake of a few guineas, readily consented to resign the indentures; and little Francis became a student with Miss Georgiana, who had masters at home to instruct her in the various branches of education.

Miss Evelyn was a wild girl, of nine years growth; sensible, good-tempered, and of pleasing person: her father's smile was her greatest reward, his frown the direst of all calamities; yet she loved to play aunt Lucretia a trick now and then; and her mischievous sport often produced a severe reproof from her father. The introduction of young Edwards now afforded her new amusement; and, for a while, aunt Lucretia rested in peace, to the infinite discomfiture of the servants, who universally hated her, and delighted to encourage the sallies of their young lady.

Miss Lucretia remonstrated with warmth against her brother's degeneracy in permitting his daughter to associate with a chimney-sweeper; but to this Mr. Evelyn replied---

"It will teach her humility---chance may reduce her to indigence: my child shall not be disgraced; but I would have

have her estimate things by their worth, not by their name. Henceforth, remember to call the boy Francis Edwards:---he is no longer a chimney-sweeper."

Mr. Evelyn could sometimes be peremptory; he was so then, and no one dared to dispute his order.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

AS this is not an age famous for gallantry, or rather for that delicate attention which every female has a right to claim, I beg leave to insert an Egyptian compliment, which Seneca assures us the sex were paid.

In describing the four elements as bearing a similarity to the two sexes, they tell us, that the boisterous ocean resembles the disposition of the male, but meandering streams and gentle rivers they compare to the placidity of the female mind. In naming the earth, rocks and stones are said to resemble the former; but the latter is compared to flowery meadows, and to lands luxuriantly abounding with grain. Rough winds and hurricanes are allowed to bear affinity to the former, whilst the latter is said to resemble the softness of a zephyr's breeze. The consuming fire they compare to the impetuosity of men's passions; but to the female they attribute the enlivening influence of a soft-reviving flame.

And now, Mr. Editor, after having extracted this compliment, I suppose you will discover your old correspondent,

AN ADMIRER OF THE FAIR.

Oct. 1801.

BON MOT.

A GENTLEMAN, who had married a second wife, was continually lavish, in her presence, in praise of his first, without having sense enough to observe that the

the subject did not please. One day, however, he had been particularly eloquent in describing her virtues, and his own pain at her loss; when the effect was too striking not to be seen.

"Excuse me, Madam;" said he, "but I cannot help expressing my regrets for the dear departed, which it is impossible not to feel."

"I assure you, upon my honour," replied the lady, "I am as sincere a mourner for *her* as yourself."

ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN of small fortune, who resided at the west end of the metropolis, was under the necessity of going to the extremity of the eastern part of the town, at the time when every corner of each street abounded with cautions to the people against picking up money or rings; and, not being high in Fortune's favour, he did not think it right to treat himself with a coach. Just as he arrived at the top of Holborn Hill, his attention was attracted by a figure before him, whose dress and demeanour proclaimed him a country squire, who, in all probability, had never before seen town. He had not long followed the footsteps of this rusticated stranger, when he observed him jerk out several shillings with his handkerchief from the pocket of his great coat, which the gentleman carefully collected, for the purpose of returning them to the person to whom they belonged. Upon overtaking this extraordinary being, he began to relate the manner in which they had fallen into his hands; when the squire, in a violent passion, interrupted him, by desiring him not to attempt playing him any of his *town tricks;* and vowing he would instantly call a constable, unless he took the money away. "I would not drive you to such extremities," replied the gentleman, "for your money shall be employed in relieving my legs." So saying, he called a hackney coach, and transacted his business without expense or fatigue.

THE

THE DREAMER.

Cœlum, non animum mutant.

HORACE.

MR. EDITOR,

AS your elegant little Work seems calculated for both instruction and amusement, I trouble you with the wanderings of last night's frantic imagination.

On the third of November 1801, about eleven o'clock A. M., according to the astronomical calculation of time, I was lolling at my ease in an old arm-chair, and my ideas turned on the hinge of futurity; for, having written a few volumes, I felt solicitous for the offspring of my brain, and the fate of my productions. Unfortunately my circumstances are beneath mediocrity; nor can I boast the patronage of a peer, or of royal favour, or doubtless I should have recourse to that natural mode of *Sarpentia*, delineated in a late number of your Work,* of "acquiring that eternity of fame which the most richly finished marble can bestow;" such an idea were with me chimerical. Fortunately, in these my enquiries, I recollected a couplet of Pindar.—

Not in one corner is the poet's strain,
Form'd, like a statue, to remain.

2D ISTHMIAN ODE.

A-propos, said I, exultingly: I covet not the proud triumphal columns of a sepulchral monument in Westminster Abbey, or beneath the lofty dome of St. Paul's, where we are reminded of the abilities, the virtues, of a Johnson, first of critics; of a Howard, first of philanthropists. I have a friend, first poet of the age; he will echo my fame through every revolution of empires, through the flames of envy and resentment, to a long, long eternity, and bear

* Inspector, No. 14. See Vol. vii. p. 228.

record

record, that in the commencement of the nineteenth century "flourished" Timothy Bluebottle, orator, poet, and historian, whose contempt of riches led him to fix his residence in the attic story, and which was peculiarly influential in giving majesty and loftiness to his diction, and a wonderful perspicuity and energy to his language. These ideas, Mr. Editor, when touched with the delicacy of a Virgil, and expanded by the genius of a Homer, would echo far and wide my high-sounding name. Intoxicated with the transports of delight, I sunk to sleep in a sweet delirium of joyous anticipation. I dreamt---for our dreams are not unfrequently beautifully characteristic of the passions, unconfined by the shackles of reason and probability---I dreamt that my soul had deserted her tenement of clay, and that the cloud-capt garret of her earthly tabernacle, was upborne, on the wings of angels, to the paradise of happy spirits. I immediately, as if by a kind of inspiration, became acquainted with every thing relative to the inhabitants of these regions; what offices they filled on earth, and what rank they held in them: they were all arranged according to the seats of the respective muses who patronised them, and who each had a grand and magnificent altar, in the form of an amphitheatre, set apart for their votaries. As the limits of a Paper preclude the whole of the scenes, I shall confine myself at present to a few. The first on which I cast my eyes was an altar, from which ascended a pillar of flame, with the name of Clio in magnificent and livid characters. On an eminence sate the father of the poets, singing in a celestial strain the wars of Troy, and the lofty towers of Ilium: his right hand held a chaplet of laurel and myrtle, which he extended over the head of Pope, who was polishing his numbers, and transmitting his fame to myriads yet unborn. On the right was placed great Maro, and his attendant Dryden: their eyes were directed towards Homer, whose notes they warbled in a softer key, and far transcended the great sire in the harmony and sweetness of their numbers. Next to Homer, on the left,

left, was placed the immortal Tasso; and on the right of Virgil the sublime Milton: which of these latter excelled I could not learn. Sometimes the strains of Tasso, and sometimes Milton, were louder, and alternately more melodious. These were again succeeded in the order of place by the lower gradations of intellect, who had written on the subjects of an epic poem. Wondering not to find Pindar among the worthies, I passed to the other side of the altar, from whence I beheld the heaven-born poet encircled in the ambient flame, which ascended from the summit of the delightful orchestra. The most distinguished of the exulting myriads I shall hereafter consider and lay before the public; at present, suffer me to digress (though not in the order of time) to what peculiarly concerns myself. I thought we mutually rejoiced in the praises of an impartial and tributary posterity: I saw, with Utopian fondness, the ode which is to hold me in perpetual remembrance, and exulted in the idea; but, alas! what a check was given to my full career of triumph! I perceived that not less than a dozen needy scribblers had undertaken to draw subsistence from the name and works of *Bluebottle*. One to write my life in two volumes quarto, another to condense it into octavo, and no less than three others were employed in Anecdotes, Biographical Notices, and Table Talk of T. Bluebottle, Esq. filled with the most improbable fictions, and charging me with the grossest inconsistencies; the rest were employed in illustrations of Bluebottle's Works, Notes and Beauties of Bluebottle, &c. When a man is dead he is harmless, and these wretches feasted on me with impunity. I saw volumes on volumes arise, either abstracts of the principal incidents of my life, collections of my shorter poems, or ill-executed epitomes of my works: in short, I was dished up in the greatest variety of tastes, and transformed more wonderfully than the Metamorphoses of Ovid. Remote couplets joined, interpolations to explain the original rejection of stanzas "certainly spurious," &c. &c. roused my resentment:

indignant at the provoking insult, I stamped with my foot on a thunderbolt of Jove, which made the regions of eternity ring, and replaced me where I was seated previous to my ethereal excursion. Beware, then, ye vultures of literature, for "even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

TIM. BLUEBOTTLE.

Hatton Garden, Nov. 1801.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. X.

I ENQUIRED of Mrs. Chumney if she had not since seen or heard from the author of her misfortunes: she sighed, and said, She knew that he was perfectly happy and unconcerned about her; nor would she, by obtruding herself upon his recollection, run the risk of a second entanglement, or venture to become an object of contempt. "No, Madam," said she; "reflection has enabled me to sacrifice passion to principle. I have, in some degree, recovered my own self-esteem, which will shield me against the shafts of calumny. I own there are moments when a temporary weakness prevails, every tender sentiment revives, and romantic enthusiasm almost counteracts the exertions of reason; but my efforts are vigorous to repel the undermining foe, and I hope they will ultimately prove successful: yet, though thus far self-acquitted, I know I must only expect peace and security in seclusion. The taunts of the world might irritate wounds but slightly healed---I feel I could not endure opprobrium. The smiles of my dear babe daily add energy to my endeavours to banish every remembrance that may pervert my judgment or mislead my heart." I acceded to all she said with real satisfaction; and, when I returned home, found Mr. Somerset waiting my arrival. He seemed in high spirits; and

and informed me, that, having just completed an advantageous negotiation for his daughter, he was come with a design to complete his family arrangements, by soliciting the hand of my niece for Leonard, as he could now better afford him an independent establishment, without seeking any fortune on the side of Maria, of whose merit he declared himself fully sensible. I assured him, and truly, that I should have considered an alliance with his family both an honour and a pleasure, but for the engagements into which my niece had already entered; but that, as it was not my intention to interfere in the regulation of an affair of the heart, I would leave the decision entirely to the parties most materially concerned. I then immediately penned a letter to Edward, softening the case as much as I possibly could, and referring it entirely to his arbitration: with this Mr. Somerton appeared perfectly satisfied, and I walked with him to my worthy friends at the farm, to consult on this distressing business: they felt, as well as myself, the deepest concern; but agreed with me, that, as the happiness of the parties themselves was our principal object, it could in no wise be effected by constraint; and we mutually deplored an imbecility so unlooked for in the character of Maria. My letter was accordingly dispatched to Edward; and, in a few days, I received the following answer.

"MADAM,

"TO reply coolly and methodically to your letter, would be an exertion of which I feel myself incapable. Insensibility is so often mistaken for philosophy, that I will not pretend to the one, lest I should be suspected of the other. Maria was dear to my heart; her gentleness, her innocence, her loveliness, I could not but behold with esteem and admiration, and the purest affection was cherished in my youthful heart for her—for her only did I breathe a wish, and I had the bliss to believe my love was not unreturned. Our parents (for a parent

you have been to Maria) countenanced the attachment, and we were happy. You may, perhaps, expect, that, in the petulance of disappointment, I shall upbraid you for introducing a rival so formidable as Mr. Somerton; but I leave such an accusation to your own reflections; for, however imprudent the action, the event I will endeavour to think beneficial to all, since an affection could be but slightly grounded that could be shaken by the dazzling attraction of fashionable suavity. Not that I would unjustly seek to depreciate the merits of Leonard: from my soul I believe him worthy of her, and possessed of many qualifications which my rank in life have precluded my attaining; and I consider it fortunate, that the discovery of her preference has been made thus timely. Somerton is every way calculated to attract and engage the admiration of women more experienced than my Maria---ah! no longer mine!---That foolish word has set my imagination afloat. All my resentment, all my fortitude, is carried away by the stream of sensibility. 'Tis over!---I resign her calmly.---May she be ever happy!------Yet I cannot address her upon this subject:---to you I recommend the task of probing her heart to its further centre. Beware, lest her senses are deluded without the consent of her judgment. Think not that vanity dictates this caution, or that, meanly interested for my own happiness, I should ever be regardless of the welfare of others---you know me better. Still believe me, though a tear may blot the page, your truly affectionate

"EDWARD STANLEY.

"I shall write to my father by this post, to decline returning home at the vacation."

This letter cost me many tears; and the delicate reproof of Edward affected me the more sensibly, as I knew how much he was the sufferer by my imprudence. Maria kissed it, and bathed it with her tears; and, for a while, I thought her mind had undergone another revolution; but

but the unlucky presence of Leonard---his insinuating manners---were too successful for the impression to last long: his ardour, his animated looks, soon turned the balance in his favour; and I soon perceived that Maria no longer wavered. Edward, though affectionate to a degree of idolization, laboured under a timidity that threw him at a distance:---women are too apt to fly from that respectful diffidence which is often the result of the most sincere affection.

The day is fixed for the union of young Woolcomb with Miss Somerton, and I sincerely hope he will have no cause to repent his precipitate choice. A good husband may contribute greatly to the improvement of a woman's mind, where no vicious propensities have been cherished. The wedding is to be celebrated in the course of a month; and Leonard has obtained Maria's consent to give him her hand on the same day.

THE LADIES VINDICATED.

THE critics of the fair sex tell us, that they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquettish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are!---it is the fable of the Lion and the Man; but, since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learnt to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But, if the ladies were what surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame? Is it not we who spoil, who corrupt, who seduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain, when we daily praise to her face her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity, when we tell her that nothing can resist her attractions; that there is nothing so barbarous that she cannot soften; nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue; when we tell her that her eyes are

brighter than day; that her form is fairer than summer, more refreshing than spring; that her lips are vermilion; that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily with the carnation or the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties; no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch the needle, nor to soil their whiteness in domestic employments? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple in which the Loves and the Graces wanton; that reflection clouds her brow with care; and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is, that beauty supersedes and dispenses with every other quality; that all she needs to know is, that she is pretty; that to be intelligent is to be pedantic, and that to be more learned than one's neighbour, is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. Withal, she is a goddess, and to her all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant when there is no superiority?

And are men so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work

of reformation: when men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please. The ladies do not force the taste of the men; they only adapt themselves to it. As they may corrupt and be corrupted, so they may improve and be improved.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

Nov. 26. MURPHY's excellent Comedy of *Know Your Own Mind* was revived at this Theatre, to the gratification of those who prefer wit and good sense to sound and show. As it has not since been presented, however, we suppose that it was not considered as likely to produce crowded houses in the present state of the public taste.

Dec. 2. The old Farce of *The Anatomist* was revived; and the whimsicalities of Bannister, jun., Suett, and Wewitzer, kept the house in a roar of laughter almost from beginning to end. Thus far it answers the purpose of farce: farther we depone not.

4. Dr. Young's Tragedy of *The Revenge* was attended by a crowded audience. In this drama, the part of Zanga is peculiarly suited to the talents of Mr. Kemble; indeed, he hardly appears to have studied any of his parts with more accuracy, or to exert himself any where with more persevering success. In the last scene, particularly, he displays a spirit and characteristic energy worthy the best days of the stage. The dreadful animosity, and determined rage for vengeance, were throughout mingled with a subtle humility and dissembled affection towards Alonzo, that shewed the skill of a master in the art.

In the fourth act, so much turbulence prevailed in the gallery, that the performance was wholly interrupted; when

Mr.

Mr. Kemble came forward, and addressed the audience in the following words :---

" Ladies and Gentlemen,

" It is impossible to express the pleasure which we feel in seeing you here; but the end of your visit will be defeated, unless you condescend to honour us with some attention."

This address was so manifestly provoked by unruly violence, and was delivered with such a modest spirit, that the audience, far from considering it an unbecoming freedom, loudly approved it as the involuntary impulse of insulted genius; and the rude disturbers of the performance sunk abashed into silence.

The Grand Pantomime Ballet of *Don Juan* succeeded, and met with great applause.

14. *Henry the Fifth* was revived at this Theatre, and loudly applauded. It contains some very sublime writing; but Shakespeare has paid such peculiar attention to the character of Henry, that almost the sole interest of the piece rests with him; and the scenes from which he is absent are most of them languid. Mr. Kemble threw some master-strokes of acting into the part; and to those who entertain a notion that he cannot play comedy, we would recommend his courting-scene with the Princess Katharine of France.

COVENT GARDEN.

Nov. 27. The Tragedy of *The Gamester* was performed at this Theatre. Mr. BROWN, a gentleman of much provincial celebrity, appeared for the first time in the character of Mr. Beverley, and acquitted himself with considerable ability and success. His conception of the part was critically correct; and, according as the varied nature of the scene required, his expression was becomingly mild, energetic, and impressive. His demeanour was gentlemanly and proper throughout; and we have no doubt of his proving

proving a considerable acquisition to this Theatre, not only in the line of tragedy, but in the upper walks also of genteel comedy. He appears to be perfectly acquainted with the business of the stage, and was deservedly applauded in his various scenes, particularly that with Stukely in the third act, in which, unquestionably, he appeared to much advantage.

Cooke was the representative of Stukely. He pourtrayed, in the most vivid and striking colours, the various features of villany and dissimulation that belong to the part; and was no less successful on this occasion than in his admirable representation of the part of Shakespeare's Iago.

Murray's Jarvis was a very respectable performance: Mrs. Litchfield, as Mrs. Beverley, evinced a most correct conception of the part, and did considerable justice even to the most interesting scenes of domestic distress. Mrs. H. Johnston, in the character of Charlotte, was peculiarly interesting.

Dec. 9. A New Opera, called "CHAINS OF THE HEART; or, *The Slave by Choice*," was performed for the first time; the principal characters as follow:

Moors. Ala Beusalla, King of Ceuta, Mr. Braham; Azam, Grand Slave Master, Mr. Munden; Taruda and Seid, Slave Merchants, Mr. Waddy and Mr. Atkins:—Zulema, the favourite of Azam, Signora Storace; Favourite Attendants of Zulema, Miss Dixon, Miss Howell, Miss Wheatley, and Miss Sims.——Europeans. Villaflor, a noble Portuguese, Mr. Cory; Prince Henry of Portugal, Mr. Brunton; Don Manuel, his son, Mr. Hill; Riccardo, son to Villaflor, under the name of Osmin, Mr. H. Johnston; Cotillon, formerly a dancing-master, and now a soldier, Mr. Fawcett; O'Phelim, cook to a regiment, Mr. Johnstone:—Gulnare, Miss Murray; Silvia, Miss Waters.

The fable is founded upon the expedition of the Portuguese against Ceuta, in the year 1414, when that place was wrested

wrested from the Moors under the reign of the Bastard John, by his son Prince Henry.

The Moors of Africa had some years before made a descent upon the borders of Spain and Portugal, and carried off many prisoners to Ceuta. Villaflor, a noble Portuguese, is supposed to have been one of those who were surprised at this time. He has remained a prisoner for many years, with no comfort except the society of his son, whom he has called Osmin, and a young girl, Gulnare, who had been thrown by the Moors into the same cell with him. Villaflor had caused both to assume the Moorish dress, for their more effectual preservation.

Azam, the grand slave master, being inclined to make the most of his place, consents to release Villaflor, but demands an exorbitant ransom. Osmin, being arrived at manhood, conceives the design of selling himself at the fair of slaves, which is annually held at Ceuta; but he is prevented by Gulnare, who, under a strong impression of gratitude and compassion towards Villaflor, offers herself as the victim instead of Osmin, and finds a purchaser in Bensalla; but avails herself of the known generosity of his character to preserve herself for Osmin, and finally to procure her return to him.

The Portuguese, in the mean time, attack Ceuta by land, while their ships blockade the harbour. Azam, for the purpose of his own gratification, having furnished the means of opening one of the gates of the town, the Portuguese troops are introduced by Osmin, and Bensalla is surprised, while in the act of generously preserving Gulnare for her lover. Prince Henry, respecting the amiable character of Bensalla, orders him to be still treated with the respect due to a sovereign.

The comic part is supplied by the adventures of Cotillon and O'Phelim, the former of whom was once a dancing-master, and is now a soldier in the Portuguese service; the latter an Irish cook in the same regiment. They are made prisoners, bought by Azam, and placed in the service

vice of Zulema, his favourite mistress, who becomes enamoured of Cotillon, and escapes with him to the Portuguese army.

It is evident that this piece has been prepared with haste, for the purpose of bringing SIGNORA STORACE and Mr. BRAHAM again upon the English stage. As this is certainly the chief object, and as *sing-song* is *the order of the night*, in the English theatre at present, we must look upon the drama before us as little more than a vehicle for music and scenery: it would, therefore, be hard to try it by the test of criticism. Mr. Hoare, to whom the public are indebted for many diverting dramatic sketches, is the author of this piece; which he has principally, we hear, been induced to undertake with a view to give scope to the talents of Storace, who was a main prop of some of his former productions. There is, in fact, nothing of striking beauty or novelty in this work, which is rather to be considered as a kind of *dramatic pasticcio;* and in that light it is pretty well adapted to its obvious purpose.

We now come to speak of the talents of Mr. Braham and Madame Storace, the chief attractions of the night. Report had extolled, but not magnified, the powers of Braham. He was said to possess the finest tenor voice in Italy; and it may truly be said, that its volume, sweetness, and pathos, are most wonderful. His natural compass, though limited, has the most irresistible influence on the heart. His full, clear tone, coming directly from the breast, makes the most heart-felt impression on the auditor: we speak of his natural tones; but, when he aims at the fashionable art of execution, his ornaments, instead of embellishing, weaken his cadence, and we sigh for his return to simplicity and pathos. He has acquired science in Italy, as well as strength; but, with the science of Italy, he has acquired also some of their glittering *feats*, which we think as distant from true taste as they are from nature.

Storace possesses all her wonted vivacity and spirit, and seems to have lost nothing of her vocal powers. She sung

sung in a very pleasing style, and performed with great comic effect.

Cory, H. Johnston, and Miss Murray, gave the utmost support to the serious characters; and Munden, Fawcett, and Irish Johnstone, were not less effective in those of the comic kind.

The piece met with a little opposition on being announced for repetition; but it has since been several times performed in an improved state.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer's elegant little theatre has lately been opened. The fourth exhibition, on Saturday, Nov. 28, was graced by a very numerous and elegant auditory. The play was an entire new comedy, entitled *The Fashionable Friends*, found among the papers of Lord Orford, but not written by that nobleman. It consists of very neat and spirited dialogue, with diversified character, though not much intricacy of fable; and was well acted throughout. The prologue was written, as well as spoken, by the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and was creditable to the poetical as well as theatrical talents of the noble performer. The following were the Dramatis Personæ:—

Sir Dudley Dorimant, Earl of Mount Edgcumbe; Sir Valentine Vapour, Mr. Berry; Mr. Lovell, Mr. Brownlow North; John, Mr. Campbell; Lapierre, Mr. Burn; Music-master, Mr. Mercer:—Lady Selina Vapour, Hon. Mrs. Damer; Mrs. Lovell, Miss Berry; Mrs. Racket, Mrs. Burn; Miss Racket, Miss A. Berry; Trimming, Lady Eliz. Cole; Lappett, —— ——.

After the Comedy, the Farce of *Lovers' Quarrels* was performed, as follows:—

Don Carlos, Mr. Mercer; Sancho, Earl of Mount Edgcumbe; Lopez, Mr. Campbell:—Leonora, Miss A. Berry; Jacintha, Hon. Mrs. Damer.

Cabinet

BRITISH MUSEUM
28
16
NOV

Morning Dress for Jan. 1802.

Koop. Milliner. Pall Mall.

Afternoon Dress for Jan.y 1809.

Payne. Dress Maker. Old Bond Street.

BRITISH MUSEUM
28
NOV
16

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A crimson velvet bonnet, with a crimson feather. A tippet of crimson velvet, trimmed with black fur. A chemise handkerchief, with a frill. A plain gown. Crimson shoes; York tanned gloves; and bear-skin muff.

2. A bonnet of black and blue velvet, with ribands of the same colours. A lead-coloured silk spencer, trimmed with white fur, and ribands to suit the bonnet. A plain gown. York tanned gloves; and blue or black shoes.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

3. A bonnet of white satin, trimmed with silk plaid, a feather to suit it, and gold cord and tassels. A white muslin gown, trimmed with lace on the breast; and an outer robe of silk plaid full on the sleeves, with a long train. Shoes of the same plaid; and white gloves.

4. A head-dress of pink muslin, trimmed with white fur, and a feather and ribands, green. The dress, green persian, plaited on the body; the sleeves trimmed with white fur. A short cloak of pink muslin fastened on the shoulders. Pink net gloves; and pink shoes.

School of Arts.

NO. XXXVIII.

A valuable and most sovereign Remedy for entirely eradicating the King's Evil, Scurvy, and Pimples in the Face.

TAKE of the leaves of male speedwell four ounces; bark of elder two ounces; winter's bark three ounces; angelica root, sliced thin, half a pound; cumfrey root, and fennel root, of each, sliced, four ounces. Boil these ingredients together in two gallons of salt water, over a slow fire, till one-half is consumed; then strain off the decoction into a clean earthen pan, and let it stand all night to settle: in the morning, carefully pour off the liquor from the sediment, and dissolve therein three pounds of treble-refined sugar, and two pounds of virgin honey, which are to be gently simmered into a thin syrup.

The dose is a large tea cup full night and morning, or rather, in some cases, morning, noon, and night, adding to each dose, at the time of taking it, a small tea spoonful of the late celebrated Dr. Huxham's essence of antimony, which greatly heightens and improves the virtue of the medicine.

To preserve Butter perfectly sweet the whole Year.

Take of crude sal ammoniac, and of loaf sugar, each four ounces; nitre, eight ounces; alum-salt one pound; let these ingredients be finely powdered, and well mixed together. As soon as the butter is sufficiently worked, it should have an ounce of the above powder wrought into every pound; and, after standing till the next day, the same quantity should again be added to it, working it well, as before. Press it into an oak tub or barrel, as it keeps better in oak vessels than in any other.

N. B. The powder should be mixed with the butter immediately after it is made; for standing even one day, previous to that, makes the success less certain.

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

TO MR. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

Author of "The Farmer's Boy," &c.

AH! tell me, Bloomfield! when you learnt the art
To sing so sweetly, and to touch the heart;
To wake the passions, throw a pleasing charm
O'er all our senses, and our bosoms warm?
Learnt you when lovely, love inspiring Spring,
And Nature bland, invite the birds to sing?
Learnt you when humble daisies first are seen,
And cowslips sweet adorn the spangled green?
Perhaps the brightness of an April morn,
Or fields rich cloth'd in robes of verdant corn;
When Love and Mirth their gen'rous warmth diffuse,
And vermil teints the virgin cheek suffuse;
Or smiling May, in all her beauties drest,
First wak'd the Muse within thy youthful breast;
Sweet as thy sky-lark mounts, with flitting wing,
To wake the morn, to hail the welcome Spring;
Or merry white-throat, on a twig upborn,
Or thrush, or black-bird, on the trembling thorn;
While quiv'ring dew-drops all their lustre show,
And blackthorn blossoms fall in show'rs of snow.
Or, tell me, Bloomfield! was't thy lambs at play,
So innocent and young, inspir'd the lay?

Ah! no, 'twas Summer, pow'rful, rich, and strong,
Inform'd thy Muse, and fill'd thy soul with song.
'Twas then, when woods umbrageous, green, and fair,
Extend their leafy honours to the air;
When rich perfumes are wafted on the breeze,
And music wakes among the shady trees;
When, soft reclin'd beneath the beechen shade,
From noon-day heat retir'd, you musing laid,
And heard the bees, secure from sudden rain,
Like distant cherubs hymn their solemn strain;
When hill and dale, and grove, and murm'ring rill,
With strains divine th' enraptur'd bosom fill;
'Twas then you learnt the captivating art,
To move the passions, and to touch the heart.

Perhaps I'm wrong; for Autumn, too, has charms,
And oft with joy the kindling bosom warms.
When she appears, in robes of various dye,
Her devious beauties fascinate the eye.
'Tis she rewards the farmer's anxious toil
With golden treasures from well-cultur'd soil;
'Tis she adorns with flocks the dotted hills;
With corn the fields, with fruit the orchard fills.
'Twas then, when num'rous reapers strew the fields,
And Ceres, kind, her choicest blessings yields;
When mirth and glee, and song and tale, abound,
And harmless joke and wit fly nimbly round;
Bloomfield, 'twas then, autumnal sweets among,
Music pour'd thro' thy soul her varied song;
'Twas then, when sombrous eve, in awful form,
Wakes winds to rage, and raise a leafy storm;
When rains descend, and dreadful torrents pour
Their devastating floods with deaf'ning roar,
Thy mind the imagery sublime inspir'd,
And all thy soul with poetry was fir'd.

But vain the search! I but myself confound,
And idly try the circling seasons round;
For Winter comes, array'd in virgin white,
And soon her graces captivate thy sight.
Thou saw'st her call her num'rous forces forth,
Of hail and snow, and tempest from the north;
Thou saw'st her triumph o'er her sisters' charms,
And woo thee fondly to her gelid arms.
Spring smiles no more, and Summer scenes are fled,
While drooping Autumn hangs her joyless head.

The

The murm'ring streamlets now forget to flow,
And Flora's suite lie bury'd deep in snow.
Winter commands; thou saw'st the fluid lake
The solid firmness of the land partake;
With wonder saw'st the running streamlets freeze,
Their glassy plain adorn'd with rising trees;
With hills and dales, with towns and cities, grand,
With airy castles, and with fairy land.
These wonders fill'd thy mind with awe serene,
Yet more the pleasure of the moonlight scene,
When Cynthia, bright, in peerless beauty shone,
And fleecy clouds, remotely, view'd her throne.
In vain the clouds in curious shapes arise,
Sublimer scenes attract thy wond'ring eyes;
To stars remote, where suns innumerous burn,
And worlds around them roll, they instant turn.
To Heav'n alone thy soaring thoughts aspire,
And quick from Heav'n descends poetic fire.
Bloomfield! to thee the bard like spirit came,
Elijah like, enrapt in vivid flame;
Surpris'd, thou found'st the soft commotion roll,
And felt the Muses animate thy soul;
'Twas then thou sweetly sung'st of rustic deeds,
Of ploughs and harrows, dairies, cows, and meads;
With all the cares the youthful mind employ,
Or wake to joy or pain the FARMER'S BOY.

But not more sweet than when thou dost relate
The rural bliss of RICHARD and his MATE;
The MARKET NIGHT, where anxious fear's display'd,
The pleasing story of the MILLER'S MAID;
The poor FRENCH MARINER'S heart-rending pain;
The cares of WALTER, and the loves of JANE*.
But time would fail: alas! 'tis on the wing,
To say how sweetly, Bloomfield! thou dost sing:
Long may thy notes dispel our anxious fears,
And may'st thou happy live a num'rous course of years!

JACOBUS CYGNUS.

November, 1801.

* The Author here alludes to certain Poems of Mr. Bloomfield's which he had lately the pleasure of seeing in MS., and which, with others, have since been published, in a separate volume (uniform in size and manner with *The Farmer's Boy*), under the title of "RURAL TALES, BALLADS, AND SONGS."

TO SENSIBILITY.

GIVE me the kindling eye, from whence
I learn within what tumults swell!
Give me the lip's mute eloquence,
With more than tongue could ever tell!

Too coy to breathe the gentlest vows;
Too warm to let her wishes die:
Though modest, yet what love allows
She gives; the look---perhaps the sigh.

But ye I spurn, of stoic breed,
Who, nought admiring but yourselves,
For self or ever joy or bleed,
Ye heartless, and ye tasteless elves.

The beaming soul ye never know,
The raptur'd tear ye never feel;
Your's is the blank and sullen woe;
Your eyes are dim, your hearts are steel.

But come, thou sympathising Pow'r---
Dear Sensibility, descend!
And, oh! with youth's delicious hour
Thy magic and thy sweetness blend.

C.

SONG,

BY THE LATE T. LITTLE, ESQ.

IF I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo.

Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye,
Such as your's, may be off in a shot.

Should

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose.

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
The dew and the oath that are there;
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour
To lose them so sweetly in air.

But clear up the heav'n of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they must be both broken together.

SONG,

BY THE REV. THOMAS MAURICE, A. M. ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

STILL, still this ardent bosom glows
With hopeless Love's consuming fires;
My watchful eyes no slumbers close,
And life in secret pangs expires.

As one vast furnace burns my breast,
Pure as the bright but distant fair,
Whose sacred image, deep imprest,
Kindles th' eternal tumult there.

In the dark grave's oblivious womb
I'll headlong plunge, and lose my care;
Ope wide thy jaws, thou friendly tomb!
And shield a lover from despair.

But hence, ye gloomy doubts, away!
'Tis STELLA meets my longing eyes;
Her radiant looks restore the day,
Her smile transports to Paradise.

TO

TO A FRIEND.

A SOUL endu'd with soaring thought,
Or yet with soft refinement fraught,
Will stoop with conscious pride;
Still mindful of her proud descent,
No wanton jests her lips invent
To laugh on Folly's side:
So Raphael, thou, with manly grace,
Can wear a gay or serious face,
With either sure to charm;
'Tis your high soul the magic gives,
That in thy sighs, or smiling, lives,
Unchanging still its form.

JOVANNA.

TO ELIZA.

TRUST not, fair Maid, the self-admiring beau,
Compos'd of noise, of nonsense, and of show;
Avoid the rake, nor vainly think, to you,
Who laughs at constancy will e'er be true;
A fool, tho' rich, receive not to your arms;
He views, insensible, your heavenly charms,
But, should some gen'rous, kind, deserving youth,
Blest with good sense, good-nature, virtue, truth,
Fir'd with your charms, prefer his am'rous plea,
Accept his love---he knows not to betray;
But, conscious of your worth, the gift will prize,
And ever view you with a lover's eyes.

S. B.

LINES,

Addressed to a young Lady, whose Anger had been expressed in very strong Terms, in consequence of a Servant having broken a favourite Looking-glass.

THE mirror was fragile, and careless the maid;
Eliza beheld the sad stroke;
Her passions were rous'd, her resentment display'd,
And pleasure aside in a moment was laid,
As thus in a fury she spoke:---

"You're

" You're always destroying whatever I prize;
" Those hands are as heavy as lead."
Yet, ah! had she seen but the fire of her eyes,
She would rather have vented her anger in sighs,
Than a word to the servant have said.

The mirror was broke, so she could not behold
The effect of her anger and spleen;
Then let her for once by an old friend be told,
There is not so shocking a sight as a scold,
Or one so unfit to be seen.

And, then, let her know that the sorrows of life
So thick and so frequent appear,
That for trifles she must not indulge any strife;
Or else she will never become a good wife,
And smile midst the frowns of her dear.

And let her be taught to control her desires,
For anger encourag'd brings shame;
And mildness is what all the male sex admires:
So ladies should smother those embers and fires
Which passion might light into flame.

LINES TO MISS B——,

With a Ring.

OH! form'd on Nature's happiest plan
To win and keep the heart of man;
Blest with each charm, each pow'r to please---
Youth, beauty, temper, manners, ease;
Accept the trifles that I sing,
Attended with a trifling ring.
I dare not offer one that binds
In tender ties congenial minds,
When mutual love the pair unites,
And sanctions Hymen's best delights.
No! mine must come, with humbler claim
('Tis your command), in friendship's name;
To grace the hand, which, were it mine,
Not for an empire I'd resign.
But you my anxious suit refuse,
And scorn the poet and his muse,

Because

Because the luckless bard appears
Approaching to the vale of years;
While you, in youth and beauty's pride,
Disparity of age deride;
And think true happiness alone
With a young lover can be known.
Well, since my dream of love is o'er,
I yield, and press my suit no more;
But let me on your steps attend,
Not as a lover, but a friend;
Enjoy with you the morning's walk,
At night the theatre's small talk;
And hear and see you, all the while,
With softness speak, with sweetness smile.
And when---too soon will come the day!---
You give your hand and heart away;
Oh! do not then my gift reject,
Nor treat the giver with neglect;
But, when the trifle meets your view,
Think once of him who thinks of you.

STANZAS TO LAURA;

Written in December.

THE trees have now their verdure lost,
And dreary Winter's horror reigns;
The limpid streams are bound in frost,
Whilst snows descend, and clothe the plains.

Now chilling blasts infest the air,
The feather'd choirs have ceas'd to sing;
Yet still to thee, dear charming fair,
My thoughts are borne on Fancy's wing.

What, tho' the trees no more are green;
What, tho' cold blasts our bodies chill;
What, tho' the streams no more are seen,
No more is heard each murm'ring rill;

When this fond heart is constant still!
And feels not e'en the Winter's cold;
When vagrant thought, at Fancy's will,
Can all its fondest griefs unfold!

The

The only winter that I feel,
Is when my Laura proves unkind;
But if my pangs she deign to heal,
Gay Summer reigns within my mind.

J. P. H.

Crown-office Row, Temple.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Press-gang.
------II.—Par-able.

NEW CHARADES.

MY First is a sign of attention
To study, improvement, and sense;
A term which at school we oft mention
To those who are stupid and dense.

The soldier that's tired by exertion,
Or fatigu'd by attacks from his foes,
To my Second could not feel aversion,
For there he might calmly repose.

My Whole to the mind is a treasure,
Superior to pomp and to wealth;
And gives to the bosom a pleasure
That can only be equall'd by health.

CHARADE II.

By a Sailor: addressed to his Friend.

HOW oft, dear Tom, have you and I
Our sweethearts gaily toasted,
Nor ever let the can go by
In which my First was posted.

And as our ship drew near the strand,
With flags and streamers flying,
My Second, at the sight of land,
Has made us feel like dying.

A thousand

A thousand hopes, a thousand fears,
Have set our hearts in motion,
Lest fickleness should make our dears
Forget us on the ocean.

But, Tom, if you and I should find,
Whilst braving wind and weather,
My Whole had turn'd our sweethearts' mind,
E'en let them go together.

For, Tom, if women veer like wind,
And often change their quarters,
Depend upon it, you will find
They make bad wives and daughters.

CHARADE III.

MY First is a thick hazy cloud
That envelopes our region in dew;
For my Second I have not yet found
A fit term to describe it to view.

I'll call it the sister of pain,
The parent of torture and woe;
For disease an admission will gain,
If my Second its visage should shew.

My Whole is a faulty conception,
An error that's form'd in the brain;
Yet not meaning the slightest deception,
Nor wishing advantage to gain.

Correspondence, &c.

Vice Punished, *&c. is under consideration.*

Lucy ——'s *Letter is too much in the style of a Puff-advertisement.*

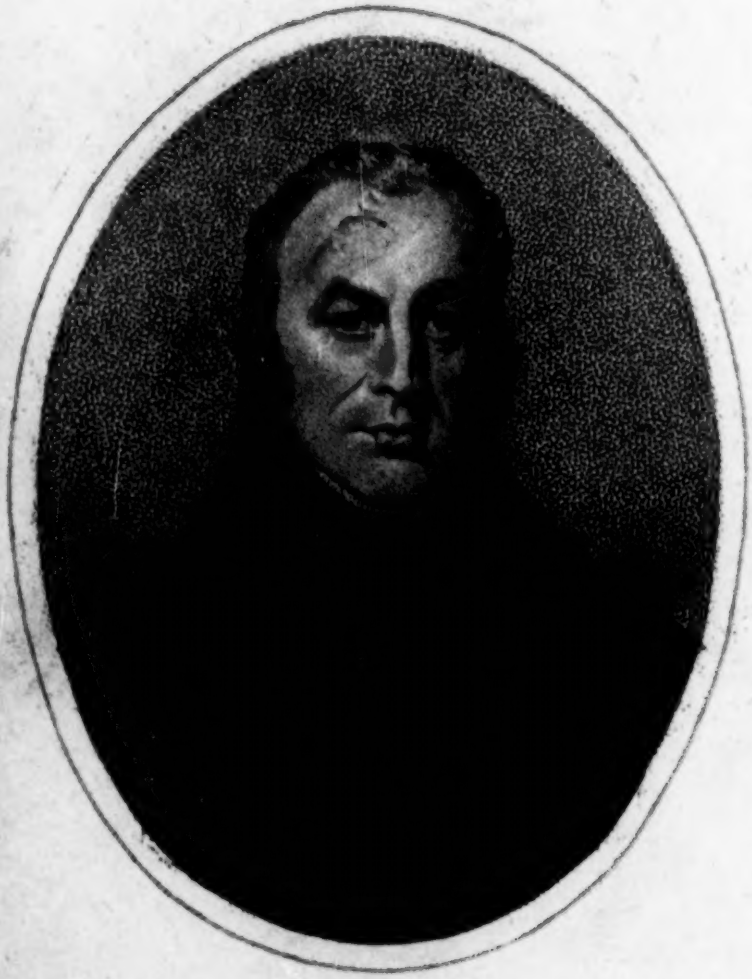
Love at First Sight, J. P. H.'s Ode, *and several other Poetical Articles, are only deferred for want of room.*

The Verses from C——n *are wholly unfit for Publication.*

The Lines of E. B. *are out of season.*

We cannot say, that, on reconsideration, our opinion is at all more favourable to the claims of Hermes.

BRITISH
28
46
NOV



William Hayley, Esq.re

Published by Verner & Hood, 31 Poultry, Feb. 1.1802.